MAY 22, 1937

Liberty 5¢

$1,000 FOR VANISHED GIRL, DEAD OR ALIVE! WHAT HAPPENED TO ETTA RIEL? by Fred Allhoff

WILL OXFORD RELIGIOUS DRIVE GET INTO POLITICS? by Will Irwin

"Edition after edition . . .

I battle against time

but when the paper's put to bed"

I RELAX with a MILD whisky"

When you're away from the firing line, make leisure hours count — RELAX! And, if you're in the mood for a drink, call for a MILD whisky. Call for COBBS CREEK. A whisky without a jolt, without a rough edge. Like your cigarette, pleasingly mild and satisfying. Try it.

Continental Distilling Corporation
Philadelphia

Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
90 Proof

Cobbs Creek

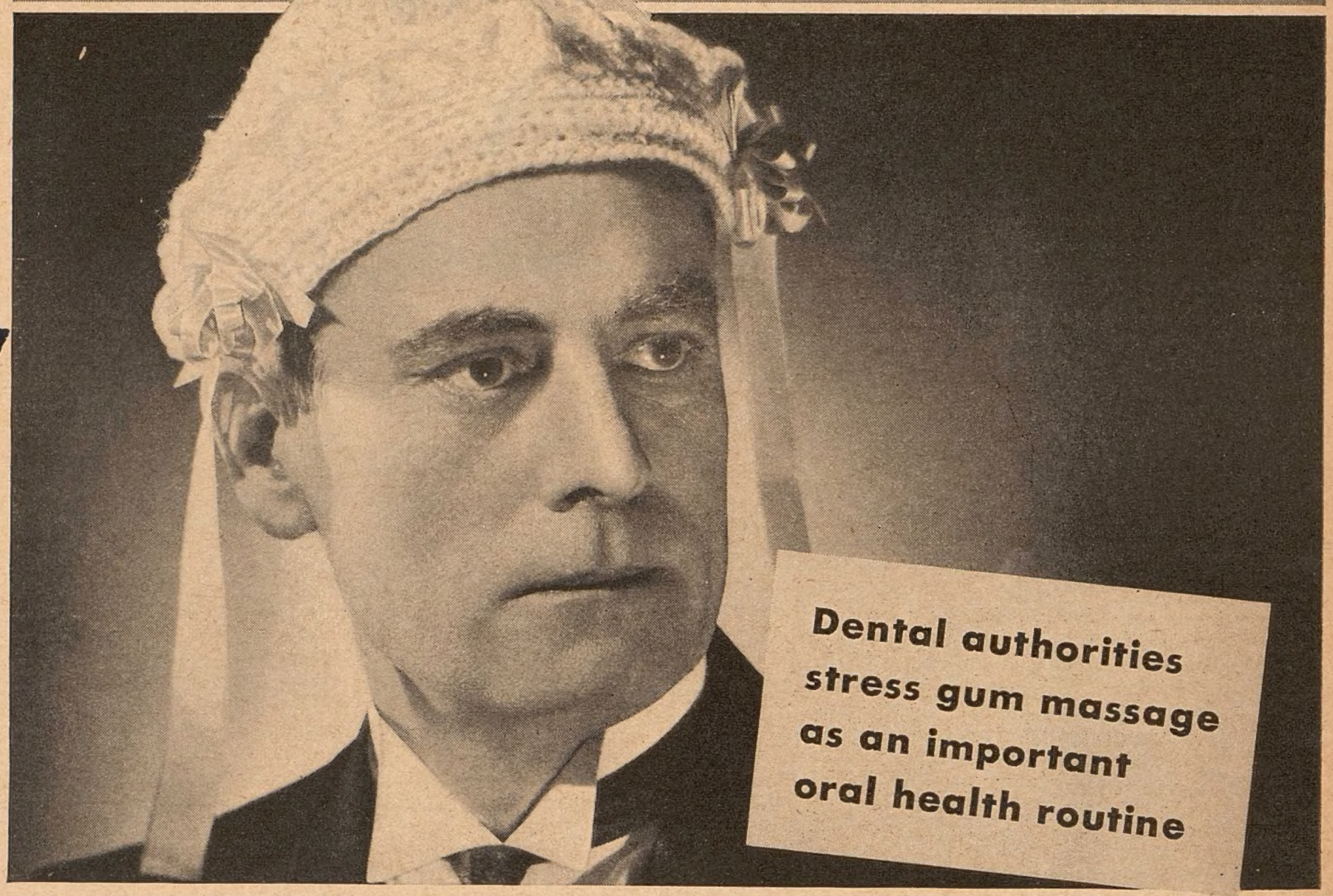
90 Proof BLENDED WHISKY

LIKE YOUR CIGARETTE

it's Mild

Still in the Cradle Age

about the modern care of teeth and gums



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush" ... Guard against becoming a "Dental Cripple"... Change to IPANA and Massage Today

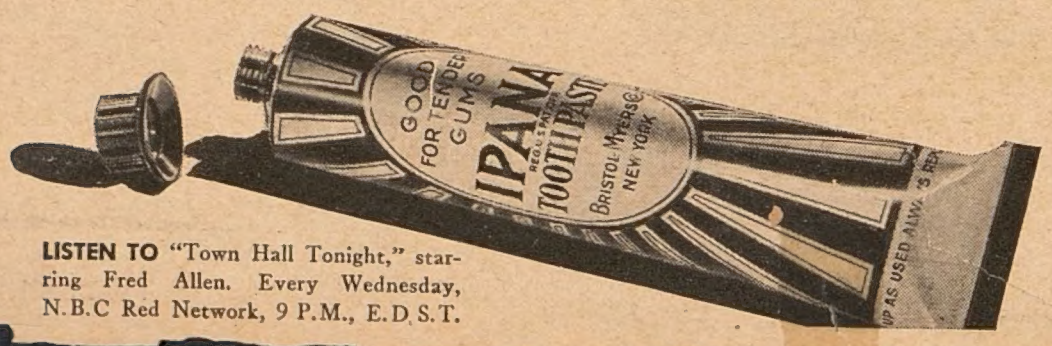
THOUSANDS of school children are better informed than their parents about the proper care of teeth and gums. For, thanks to the splendid work of modern school teachers, in many classrooms all over the country youngsters are learning the *importance of massage* to sound teeth and healthy gums.

Briefly, these are the simple facts:—

• Our modern menus do not give our gums the natural work they need. Soft, creamy, well-cooked foods deprive them of stimulation. Gums grow lazy. They grow weak and flabby. And often that tinge of "pink" appears.

At the very first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* He *may* find your gums in a serious condition. But he is far more likely to find just a common case of too much soft food—gums grown lazy, *sensitive.* And his advice will usually be "Better care, more work"—and very often "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana with massage is definitely helpful to the health of your gums as well as the cleanliness of your teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gums grow stronger. New circulation brings them a new firmness. Your teeth will be brighter—your mouth safer from trouble—with Ipana and massage.



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IPANA

Tooth Paste

MAY 22, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 21

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

IS LABOR WALKING INTO A TRAP?

IN the stockyards at Chicago there is a trained steer. He starts the herd down the chute single file to their death. He passes by unharmed, but those that follow him are slaughtered . . . turned into beef.

The liberties of labor are threatened. Are the workers being deceived? Will their liberties be slaughtered? Are they giving any attention to the tragic experiences of their brother workers in other countries? Are they not giving too much attention to the pay envelope today while entirely ignoring the necessity of guarding their future personal freedom?

In playing the game of accepting favors through legislation, are they not binding themselves with enslaving chains that will ultimately rob them of their American birthright?

If the government can restrict and govern business management, it is only one step further to the regulation and rigid control of labor.

Various European countries played with labor in their efforts to control industry, but when that was accomplished, what was the next step?

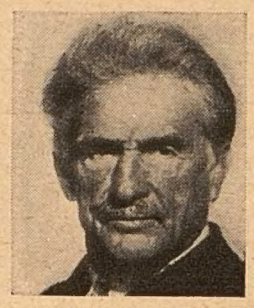
Suppose we turn for the answer to some of these European countries . . . study their procedure, with the tragic results that followed.

After the World War, Italy was on the verge of economic collapse. Labor was the best organized of the struggling factions. Excessive demands were made. Factories were occupied and attempts made to operate them. Government finally gave labor a share in the financial control of industrial establishments.

But with the coming of Mussolini, union dues were placed under governmental supervision. Strikes and lockouts were prohibited. Disputes not settled by negotiation had to be submitted to labor courts. Labor in Italy is now under the protection, control, and direction of the state. None of labor's bitter protests avail. Wages may be increased or decreased by order of the dictator.

Now suppose we study the situation in Germany.

The Socialist Party was in power in Germany after the World War. This party aided the unions in establishing policies. The unions became all-powerful. Union labor controlled the Socialist Party and thus the government. Employers were legally compelled to recognize the unions, though they represented a minority of workers. Government was also subservient to labor.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

But when Hitler came into power, class warfare was banned. Labor unions were abolished and strikes forbidden. Employers and employees were organized and the labor front was rigidly controlled by the government. Labor regulations are so strict that no employee can resign from one position to accept another without permission from the government.

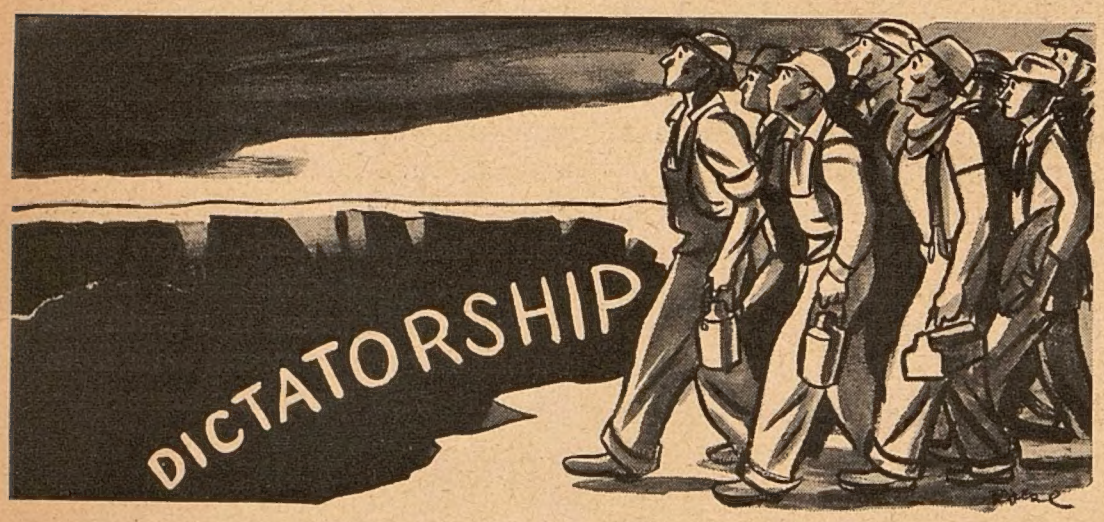
Labor in Russia at this time is in complete control of the bureaucratic government. The Soviets have lost their power. They exist as a mere form, also under the control of the bureaucrats. The original plan of the Communists who conducted the revolution has been replaced. This is explained in detail by Trotsky in his book entitled The Revolution Betrayed. The bureaucrats in Russia are now a "privileged" class and more autocratic in their policies than kings have ever been. Labor is regimented and directed through governmental bureaus.

Surely the workers of this country can see the handwriting on the wall. Can they not realize that they are playing identically the same game that robbed labor of its liberties in Italy, Germany, and Russia?

When unions become big enough to dictate . . . when they help destroy the liberties of the employers, they are helping to create dictatorial powers that will ultimately control labor absolutely.

The difficulties associated with strikes, lockouts, pickets are not especially pleasant to government officials. They are not pleased with bitter complaints from citizens because of inconvenience and loss suffered through labor troubles . . . and dictatorial governments such as they have in Germany, Russia, and Italy handle this situation forcefully and effectively. The workers' wages and hours of work are regulated by the government, and protests, no matter how just they may be, are rarely heeded.

But that cannot happen here? Perhaps not, but some hard-headed thinking by intelligent workers might be desirable at this time.



Bernarr Macfadden

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TEN TIMES AROUND THE WORLD IS DISTANCE HIS '29 PLYMOUTH HAS RUN

The Car that Stands Up Best—

250,000 miles!—but his Plymouth still does 21 miles per gallon; 8 years of driving—the most reliable and economical car he has ever owned! Read W. H. Carhart's story.

"IN ALL my 30 years of driving," says Mr. Carhart, "I've never owned a car that stood up so well or cost so little to run. Yes, sir, 8 years of reliability and economy in one car . . . that's what I call real value!"

Today, the greatest Plymouth ever built offers still *more* value for your money!

HERE'S A MAN who has been driving one Plymouth steadily for eight years...and gets amazing performance today!

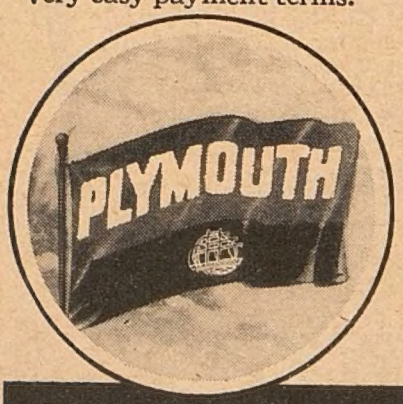
"I've owned several different makes of cars," says W. H. Carhart of Ellsworth, Kansas, "but this '29 Plymouth of mine has them *all* beaten. It gives 21 miles per gallon ...and still runs great!"

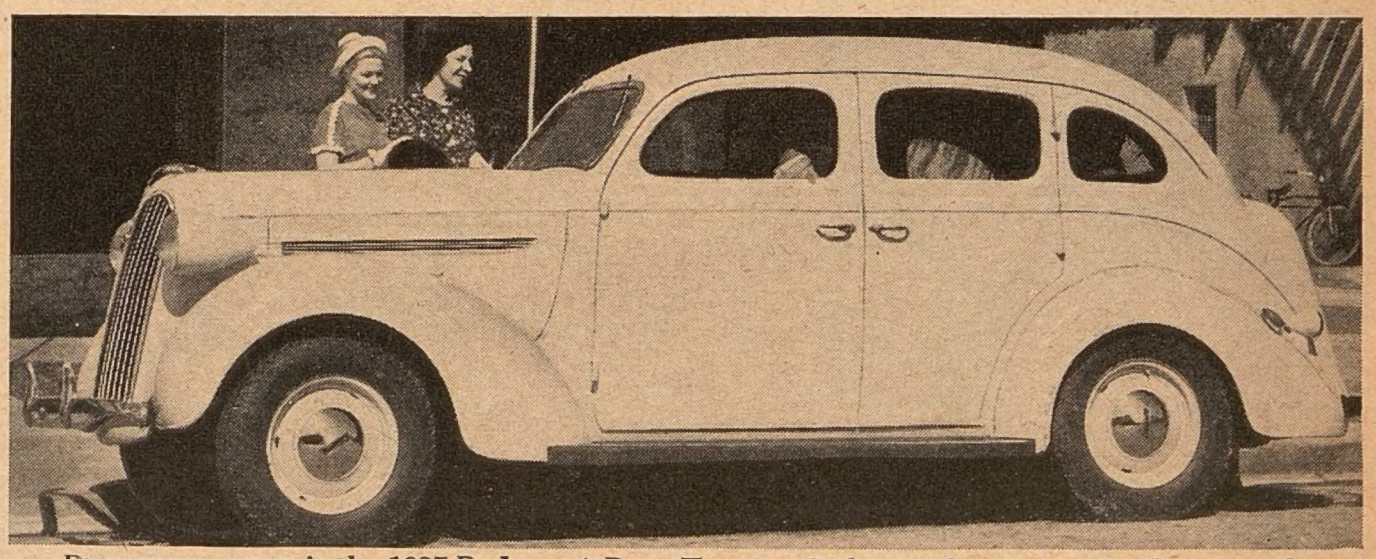
1937 brings a bigger Plymouth... with still greater economy, comfort and durability. New, airplane-type shock-absorbers, live rubber body mountings and scientific sound-proofing make riding easier —far less tiring.

Plymouth's body is *all* steel... brakes are 100% *double-action* hydraulics. And owners are reporting 18 to 24 miles per gallon...savings on *all* upkeep items.

Today, "Look at All Three." See how much *more* Plymouth gives. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

BEST BUY OF "ALL THREE"
You'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest. The Commercial Credit Company offers, through De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers, very easy payment terms.



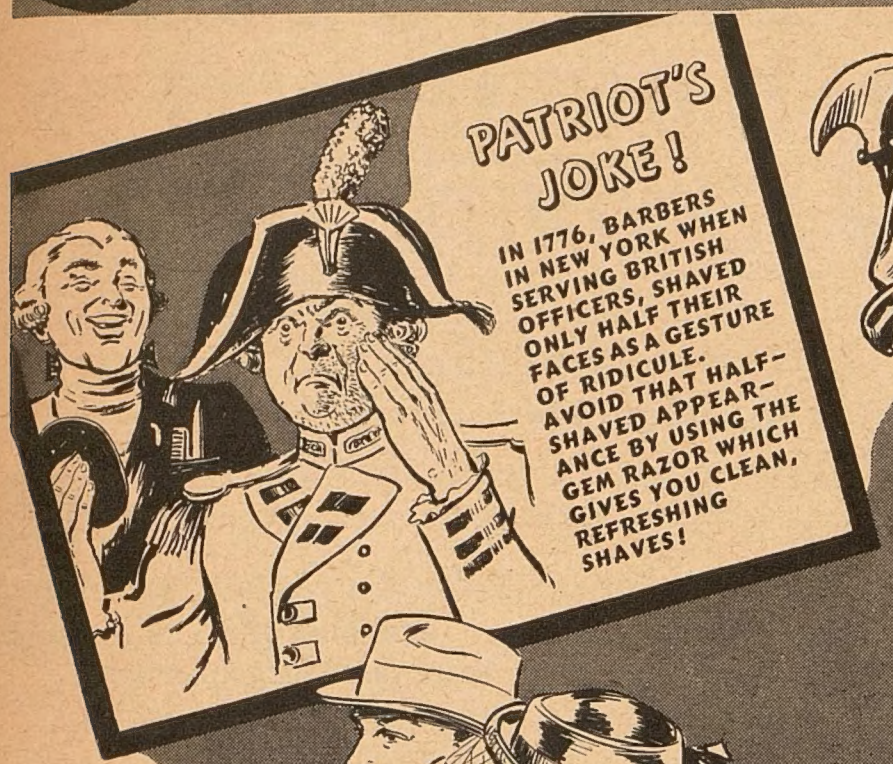


PICTURED ABOVE is the 1937 De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan with spacious built-in trunk.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Shaving Oddities

NO. 5



PATRIOT'S JOKE!

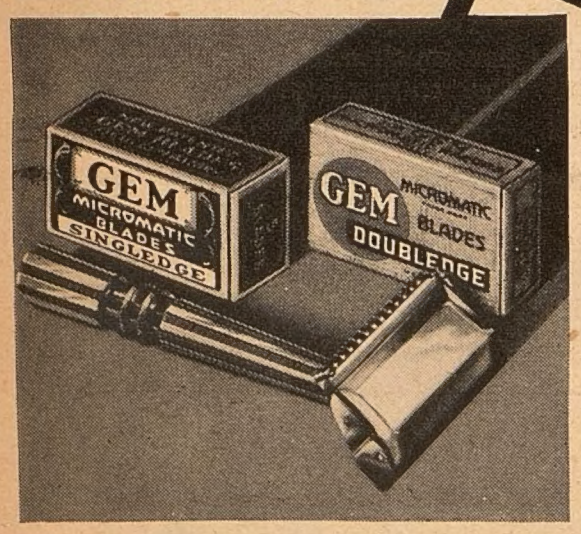
IN 1776, BARBERS IN NEW YORK WHEN SERVING BRITISH OFFICERS, SHAVED ONLY HALF THEIR FACES AS A GESTURE OF RIDICULE. AVOID THAT HALF-SHAVED APPEARANCE BY USING THE GEM RAZOR WHICH GIVES YOU CLEAN, REFRESHING SHAVES!

BEHEADS BARBER!

A PERSIAN KING, WHO DID NOT LIKE THE WAY THE BARBER TRIMMED HIS BEARD, PROMPTLY HAD THE UNLUCKY MAN BEHEADED! IF YOU ARE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR SHAVES, SWITCH TO THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR WHICH NEVER FAILS TO GIVE YOU FLAWLESS PERFORMANCE!

SOCIAL ASSET!

GOOD GROOMING IS A VALUABLE SOCIAL AND BUSINESS ASSET. AND GOOD GROOMING BEGINS WITH A GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR AND A 50% THICKER, SUPER-KEEN GEM BLADE. TOGETHER THEY GIVE YOU THOSE SHADOWLESS SHAVES WHICH GUARANTEE ALL-DAY FACE NEATNESS. SEND COUPON BELOW FOR PROOF!



CROONING SHAVE!

HERE'S A SHAVE YOU'LL GREET WITH A SONG—THE SMOOTH, BLYTHE SHAVE OF THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR! EXCLUSIVE FEATURES COST US $660,000! ONE-PIECE CONSTRUCTION; FACE-FITTING BEVEL WHICH COMPELS YOU TO USE MASTER-BARBER'S LONG, GLIDING STROKE! GET A NEW GEM RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES FROM YOUR DEALER. OR SEND COUPON BELOW FOR SPECIAL 25¢ "PROOF" OFFER!

BET THEIR BEARDS!

SOME ORIENTAL RACES OF ANCIENT TIMES MADE A PRACTICE OF STAKING THEIR BEARDS ON WAGERS. WE'LL BET THAT YOUR FIRST SHAVE WITH A GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR WILL GIVE YOU A NEW IDEA OF SHAVING COMFORT!

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L42, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

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GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

Be sure it's a Gem; find the blade with the *name; its keener demeanor makes shaving a game!*

EDWARD'S RULES to make his Marriage a Success

By HELEN WORDEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHAT are Edward's rules for a successful marriage? Has he developed a philosophy that will survive mature matrimony, or will he walk off in a huff the first time Wallis runs across a former boy friend?

As far back as last November, Edward's friends and enemies were discussing his plans for his married life.

"Mrs. Simpson orders the King about as if he were a boy," declared the wife of a retired general. "My son met them leaving the Embassy Club the other night. Mrs. Simpson had forgotten her bag, and she was actually demanding that the King fetch it for her!"

I wondered then if Edward really liked being bossed, or if he would change that after he married.

Theirs was no sweet-sixteen affair. Each had been in what they thought was love before. She perhaps more often than he; which made it that much harder for him.

In the five months of the Duke of Windsor's self-imposed exile he has had time to consider what his philosophy is. Has he decided to lock his bride away in a castle, or will he revive night-club tours with her? And what about her relatives, his relatives, opinions on politics, house guests, religion, war, her friends, his friends, clothes, gifts to each other, money, punctuality—the thousand ifs and ands upon which a happy marriage depends?

While I was in London some people very much in English society gave a dinner party and invited Mrs. Simpson without the King. Half an hour late, she came rushing apologetically in. "I am so sorry," she said. "I know I am late, but I am going to ask a great favor. The King is outside. May I bring him to the party?"

The hostess was distressed. She explained that British nobility couldn't ask their King to dine informally. It would set a precedent which might ruin them.

Mrs. Simpson said nothing more. Long after the dinner, when the guests were leaving, they saw a car parked outside the house. The King was in it. He had been waiting there all evening for Mrs. Simpson.

I questioned friends in England and France. They gave me Edward's rules for a successful marriage.

In London I saw not only Edward's more recent acquaintances but I also met the conservative group: friends of Prime Minister Baldwin, retired army and naval officers, and those who sided with Queen Mary. They said Edward owed much to his grandfather. Cosmopolitan and sophisticated, but with a mother who considered him reckless, the middle-aged Edward VII exerted a great influence on his favorite grandson. Reflection of his advice may be seen in these bits of seasoned wisdom which were given me as Edward's pattern for matrimony:

Don't ask questions. If you got the right answer it might hurt. If you didn't, it surely would. For example: so long as you know she loves you, don't ask her what she means by love. If she asked you, you couldn't tell; or if you could tell, your romance would probably come to an end.

If she absent-mindedly calls you Ernest or Winfield, don't comment. At least she has your role fixed in her thoughts. You may come out with the wrong name sometime yourself.

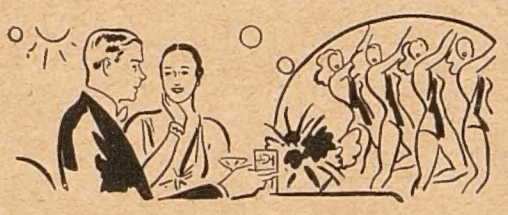
When her old sweethearts appear, prove she's picked the best of the lot by being decent to the others. She'll reciprocate. Nothing is deader than a dead past.

Don't encourage confidences about the past. Casual reminiscences may fan the flame of memory into a red-hot fire.

Remember your mother. Honor her—take warning by her (any mother will do)—always seize the lead. If you don't you'll have a managing wife on your hands. A good wife will manage you, but she does not, on that account, need to be a managing wife. She wants you to be a strong man.

Exclusive!—A famous bachelor's pattern for wedded life revealed!

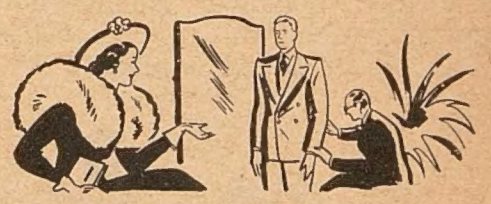
Be firm about the dishes you like, but remind the chef also of her favorite recipes. This will show that though a connoisseur like yourself remains a connoisseur to the end, yet you have mated with a fellow artist whose taste only a connoisseur could appreciate.



Don't let marriage interfere with old customs. Step out to an occasional night club, but with your wife, just to keep in practice. This will make her feel that whatever pleasure you used to have in such frivolities, they were incomplete until you met her.

When an aunt of hers comes to visit, remember that Wallis has only one relative in active circulation, while yours—!

Keep your relatives in their place, but don't remind your wife you did it for her. At bottom, onslaughts of the family all spring from their affection for you.



If she shows an inclination to go with you to your tailor, ignore it. This is a major encroachment upon your freedom. A minor menace is the selection of your ties, socks, and pajamas. There is nothing you can do about this.

Make no explanations. They lead to trouble. They also challenge your judgment.

Have Aunt Bessie to dinner on Sundays.

When your mother visits you be careful to show your wife special attention. It makes a great difference to your wife—and to your mother.

Entertain your relatives but don't visit them. So long as you can main-

tain this one-sided arrangement you are the head of the family and your wife will be proud of you.

Own your own home and encourage your wife to go in for gardening. The deeper affections cannot root in a rented estate.

Encourage your wife to talk about politics. Agree with her. In most civilized countries the ballot is secret.

Don't let her mix the drinks if you can help it. If she insists, let her. We all drink too much anyway.

Find out tactfully what she owes to her friends and, as far as you can, pay it back. This will seem just to them and to her.

Resolve to do no further visiting. The career of house guest is not a permanent one.

Always praise the way she wears her hair. If possible, like it. She will wear it that way anyway.

Let her select the house guests. Be sure to ask the people she used to like.

Always have something important to do—or seem to have. A woman likes a man about the house.

When you give her a present of jewelry, avoid heirlooms; it's sometimes hard to make them come down.

Be photographed together, but by accident. Never be photographed at night clubs unless you're in a cheerful mood. If the picture turns out rather glum she may ask you of whom you were thinking.

Never discuss religion with your wife.

Attend church at reasonable intervals, but don't be narrow-minded. The Anglican Church in England and the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Don't ask your wife to go with you. If she wishes to sleep late, let her make her own mistakes.

A prudent husband conceals his knowledge. However, do not play a game in which you cannot excel your wife. The principle is bad.

Listen patiently to her version of bridge games. You may have golf stories that need preliminary tryouts.

Remember anniversaries but don't count her birthdays.

Commend a husband according to his treatment of his wife. Imply, of course, that his wife needs special charity, not being the equal of yours.

While you may want to travel in moderation, even though foreign tours are no longer a duty, beware of partings. If your wife suggests a trip, go with her. Brief separations, however, are healthy. Try to agree, without discussing it, on the part of the day you won't see each other. She, too, may wish a moment to herself.

Listen to your wife's directions, but once you've heard them, consider how far you can follow them and at the same time be a free man. Leave her

Photo Ray Lee Jackson, N. B. C. studio

HELEN WORDEN

Sent by the Scripps-Howard papers and Liberty to the wedding of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Simpson, is New York's ranking society columnist. She studied art in Paris and got into newspaper writing through her drawings. Her World-Telegram features are syndicated from coast to coast. She has written two books, The Real New York and Rim Round Manhattan.

on the beach when you want to go in swimming and do your own steering of a sailboat if she insists on coming along.

Leave the servants to her and let her keep the household books, but don't share a bank account. With impulsive temperaments a restraining hand may be necessary.

Side-step the laying of cornerstones. Your father and mother invariably disagreed on the subject.

If she keeps you waiting at the hairdresser's, the delay is caused by an effort to look her best for you. Insist, however, on punctuality at meals.

Object to your morning routine being altered. Cling to the before-breakfast run with your dog. Demand the usual English delicacies, such as Yarmouth bloater, plover's eggs or kippered herring, with your newspaper.

Your wife may want to open bazaars; it is a custom among duchesses. Let her do it alone.

Remember, the American sense of humor is different.

If possible, continue to send her flowers each day, but cut down on the quantity. It's the thought that counts. [While I was in Cannes, Edward sent a daily supply of orchids to Wallis at Villa Lou Viei.]

Encourage her in no other career. Be firm against any public or advertising testimonials she might sign in an impulsive moment, even if she suggests giving the money to charity.

Avoid promises. Marriage is a matter of honor, not of words. Forget, if you can, whatever experiences you may have had in the past without her. It will not be easy but it is possible, if you share in its entirety your present and future life with her.

Hold out for one room in the house. It may prove a retreat. After all, what you love in each other is your distinctive personalities. Personality, like every other rare flower, flourishes when not planted too close.

When she talks loudly about some old beau, pay no attention; it's the protective instinct. You've said something that prompted the attack. These reminiscences are a sign that you are asleep on the job.

Let her pick the ponies at the races. It will prevent post-mortems.

Don't give up gardening. A mutual hobby is a steadying influence on matrimony. This particular one carries you through the year: reading seed catalogues aloud in the winter; hunting for the first crocuses in February; planting sweet peas and other early flowers in March; weeding, worrying about bugs and caterpillars and sending roses to the hospitals through the summer; and in the fall, putting in bulbs for the following spring.

Encourage your wife's belief that she is different from other women. It makes for a happier marriage.

But the first and last rule of all is—be ready to change these rules when occasion serves. Remember that your wife can upset any one of them by wearing the dress you like, saying the kind of words you like, or cooking the food you like. I am making these rules just to preserve my individuality.

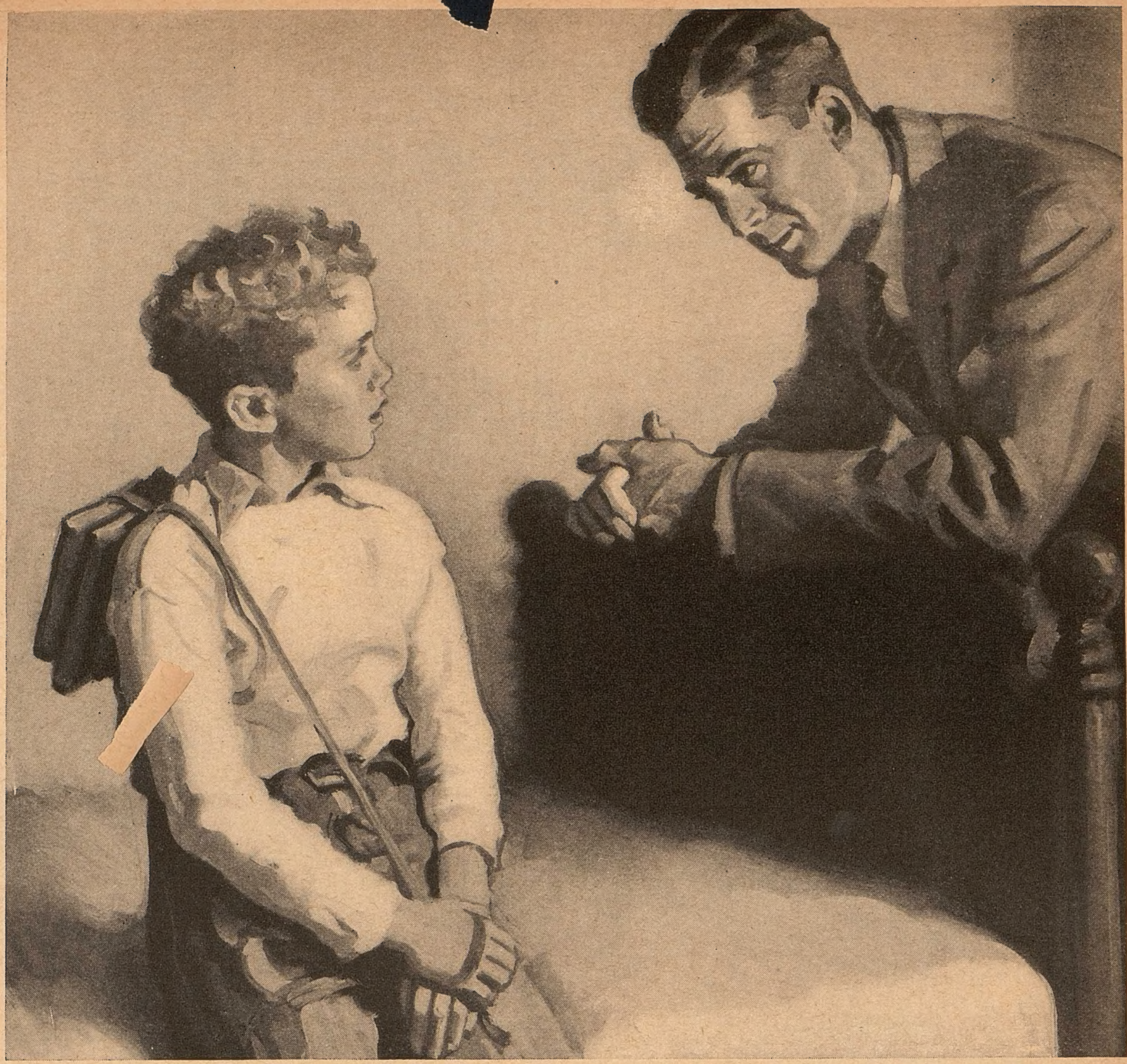
THIS is Edward's philosophy for a happy marriage. Will he be able to live it? Herman Rogers said to me when I was in Cannes, "Mrs. Simpson knows it is futile to attempt to stop the King, once he has made up his mind."

In one or two of the rules there is a plaintive note. He thinks, perhaps, of the married lives of other members of his family. Were they always happy? Or if not, were they more unhappy than other royal couples taught to suppress their emotions for the good of the realm?

It is this harsh and repressive discipline imposed upon royalty which Edward seems to have rebelled against.

He claims the right, apparently, to lead his own life. He is on the way to find out how far any man, even a commoner, can lead his own life if he is married.

THE END



'Look here," Ashton said. "What do you know about me?" Color came up in the boy's face.

the Door of His Heart

BY FAITH ELLEN SMITH

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ASHTON CARVEL looked at the boy and felt a strange tumult of emotion that left him a little dizzy. There was something of Ann in the high, placid forehead; something of himself in the dimpled chin and the beautiful, none too strong mouth. Otherwise, he was a sturdy twelve-year-old, not too clean to be comfortable, not too dirty to be respectable. He carried three schoolbooks, fastened together and slung, at the end of the confining strap, over his shoulder. He wore a once white sweater and a pair of khaki football pants. His bare head was a riot of curls glowing like old bronze under the bright lights of the Bay City Inn lobby.

"Of course you don't know who I am, s-sir," he said.

"What will you bet I don't?" Ashton asked. He asked it lightly, but a mist came for a moment before his eyes. He blinked it away and went on in the same casual tone: "Your name's Ashton Carvel, Junior, and you live with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Langley and their three children out at Langley Park."

For reluctant fathers... a searching story of the way of one small boy

The boy nodded, his young eyes wide with amazement.

"Gee!" he said. "I didn't think you'd know. I—I wouldn't have known you. You don't look a bit like I thought you would." He fidgeted, shifting from right foot to left. A hand grimed from the football field moved toward Ashton's hand. "I suppose we—we might shake hands?" he suggested.

Clasping for the first time the hand of his son, Ashton Carvel feared for his own poise. "We can talk better in my room," he said. "Let's go up."

The small Inn had no elevators. They climbed the stairs to the second floor. There young Ashton walked into the bare little hotel room with the air of being at home, and sat down on the edge of the bed. He said, "I suppose you wonder how I knew you were here?"

"I do," Ashton confessed.

"Johnny Muldoon's father works in the telegraph office," the boy said. "Johnny said you telegraphed Uncle Charles you'd be here to talk about me going to military school. And Horace Ames' brother is night clerk here at the Inn. Horace said you'd made reservations for a room. O. K.?"

"Quite," Ashton agreed, secretly amused by the efficiency of the local grapevine. "What I don't see is why you wanted to come."

Something flared up in the boy's face that was rather splendid. "You're my father, aren't you?"

A sentimentality long outgrown clutched at Ashton's heart. "Look here," he said. "You've never seen me before. But you must know something about me. What do you know?"

Color came up in the boy's face. He couldn't say what he knew. But Ashton could. He said it:

"I married your mother when I was a reporter on the Bay City Times," he said. "Your uncle objected. So did your grandmother, whom you may not remember—though I do, to my sorrow."

"I know all that," the boy said.

"Your grandmother declared not a cent of her money should go to finance the marriage. We got married when I was making twenty-one dollars and fifty cents a week. When you were born I was making twenty-five."

He paused. The boy simply nodded.

"Your mother died when you were born," Ashton said, consciously stripping his voice of feeling, consciously steeling his heart against the old pain that beset it anew. "Do you know where I was when she died? I was down at Horace Ames' uncle's speakeasy—dead to the world. When I got sober enough to travel, it was all over."

HE paused again, to observe his son's reaction. The reaction was, as far as he could see, merely a slight quiver of the lips so like his own.

"So," he said, "I traveled. I'd always wanted to write plays. I went to New York and began to write plays. Now why, in the name of all that's holy, should you ever want to see a father that acted like that?"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

The boy stirred, over there on the bed's edge. He slipped the books from his shoulder and became unnecessarily busy with the strap. Then at last he spoke.

"But why did you do like that?" he asked. "I mean—I guess you must've been almost crazy, worrying over mother and the hospital bills and—and everything. I mean—well, I always thought maybe that was the reason. Was it?"

The blunt question disarmed Ashton Carvel. He said simply and honestly, "It was."

The boy's eyes met his father's eyes across the emptiness of the room.

"That's just the way I thought probably it was," young Ashton said. "I guess mother understood, all right. I guess mother must have been a good deal like us."

"Like *us?*"

"Sure. Like you and me. I'm not like Uncle Charles and Aunt Janet and the cousins. When I was young I used to think I couldn't belong to them. So one time I asked them, and they told me. They seemed to think I'd mind. But I didn't. I was glad. Gee, I kept hoping you'd come sometime. Now you've come."

Ashton Carvel, looking into those adoring, trustful eyes, felt the necessity of regaining control of this conversation that had somehow got out of hand.

"Do you want to go to military school?" he asked.

His son said, "We-ell, I suppose it'd be all right. Only—well, what I'd rather do is go with you."

"With *me?*" Ashton Carvel gasped. For a moment, such was the youthful confidence before him, the impossible loomed up in his mind as possible. But the presence of a growing boy would end the patronage under which he was beginning to rise to prominence, and settle in the negative the matter of his marriage to Mrs. Storey. He would be young Ashton's father instead of the rich Mrs. Storey's husband—a playwright who had never actually had a Broadway play. He would go back to galling little poverties, hopes deferred, heartbreaking defeats almost as acute as those of his earlier years.

BUT he wouldn't. And he wouldn't continue to be talked down to by a chit of twelve.

"You'd be sorry if you went with me," he said, smiling. "I couldn't promise you any good times or a car or much of anything else that you'll have in a few years here. No; you'd better go to military school, if that's what Uncle Charles and Aunt Janet want. And now I'm afraid you'd better be starting home. Langley Park's quite a ways out. How are you going to get there?"

"I've got my bike downstairs," the boy said. He got up from the bed and stood hesitating. "Please think about what I said," he begged. "If you're poor, I could work. I'm quite strong and I—I'm pretty average bright, I guess. I could help you. Please think about it."

"All right," Ashton promised, walking down the hall with him. "I suppose I'll see you tonight when I come out for a talk with Uncle Charles and Aunt Janet."

"Please don't say you saw me this afternoon," the boy begged. "And—do please think about it."

"Oh, I will!" And he would, he knew, though he wished he wouldn't.

By the time that he had eaten dinner and seated himself in the bus that ran past Langley Park, Ashton Carvel had regained a portion of his normal perspective. He had been shaken by the unexpected meeting with his son. The boy had brought back a past that he had almost succeeded in forgetting. He had been a romantic young fool in those days. He told himself that he was neither romantic nor a fool now. Charles and Janet, to give them their just due, had done well by the boy. They were willing and able to continue doing well by him. Charles had suggested a formal adoption, and Mrs. Storey and Ashton had agreed together that this might be as well. Mrs. Storey had nothing of the maternal in her. A small possessive lady with the green-gold eyes of a sleepy tigress, she wanted what she wanted free of complications. She would do her best to turn her husband into a successful playwright. In return she would expect his undivided allegiance. As to the boy—

"You, darling," she had said, "have no more sense of paternal responsibility than a stag in the forest."

Well, he hadn't had, for a considerable number of years. Knowing that young Ashton was far better cared for than he could care for him himself, he had almost forgotten him. The trouble seemed to be that young Ashton had not forgotten *him*. Young Ashton, alone of all the family, had forgiven him.

Langley Park, a little ostentatious in its magnificence, gave him back his bitterness and his self-control. He walked up the wide driveway through the velvet-soft lawn, thankful that after tonight it and all that pertained to it would be out of his life forever.

Charles and Janet received him with cool politeness in the library.

"There was no real need of your coming," Charles said. "We might have carried out the whole transaction by mail. My lawyer will meet you in the morning at my office, and we will all three sign the papers. I infer you have no objections?"

"Perhaps I have," Ashton said. "What does the boy think about it?"

"Just the same," Ashton surprised himself by saying, "I think the boy ought to be consulted."

Charles said, "We haven't discussed it in his hearing. He may know that I consulted you about his going to military school, but nothing more. Legal adoption will only simplify matters for everybody concerned."

"Just the same," Ashton surprised himself by saying, "it seems to me the boy ought to be consulted. I think I'd like to talk with him. Is he here?"

Janet answered a little reluctantly, "He's upstairs in his room, studying. I'll have him come down if—Charles, what do you think? Is it wise?"

"Wise or not," Charles said fairly, "we have no right to forbid it. I'll send for him."

Some memory of childhood reticences came to Ashton, giving him both understanding and determination. "I think I'd better see him alone," he said. "Do you mind if I go up?"

So they sent a maid upstairs to inform young Ashton that his father was coming to call upon him, and after a few minutes of waiting Ashton went up.

The boy stood in the middle of a typical boy's bedroom with a glory of pride and love blazing in his almost colorless face. He whispered fiercely, "Shut the door after you, Nellie," and when the door closed seized his father's arm.

"Gee, it was great when you said you'd come up," he whispered. "I was down there in the hall back of the big curtains. I had to beat it upstairs while Aunt Janet was ringing for Nellie. I heard everything you said."

"Don't you know gentlemen don't listen behind curtains?" Ashton asked.

His son said simply, "But it was *you!* I wanted to hear what you said. You know, I always thought you'd talk the way you do—sort of slow and soft and—"

"Then," Ashton interrupted, unable to endure more of this, "you know—about the adoption papers?"

"Oh, *that!* I knew you wouldn't do *that* to me!" the boy said. "Why, you couldn't!"

"Son," Ashton began solemnly. To himself he sounded like the heavy father in one of his own plays. But this was the moment to point out the fact that young Ashton's destiny and his own were separate; that the adoption would benefit both of them; that the boy could not know, at twelve, what the superior wisdom of his elders recognized as right and proper.

Young Ashton, however, had already turned his attention to other matters. "Look!" he said. "When I knew you were coming, I got them out and polished them. Do you like guns? I know you do. Maybe you've got some yourself. See this one! I got it from a fellow who got it from an old vet that carried it in the Civil War."

Ashton looked at the poor little collection of firearms.

"Yes," he said. "I used to have some. Most boys do, I imagine. Ashton, don't you see that—"

Ashton was squinting along the barrel of an old pistol.

"Gee," he said. "Didn't I know it! Why, I bet we're an awful lot alike! I just know we are."

This talk could not go on. Ashton hardened his heart.

"Look here," he said, taking the boy by the shoulders. "You'll be a whole lot better off with your uncle and aunt than you'd be with me. That's honest fact. What you want now isn't what you'll wish you'd had when you're twenty. Your uncle's lawyer is drawing up the papers—"

"You—you aren't going to sign them?" the boy cried. His very lips were white.

"Unless I change my mind before morning, I am," Ashton said with a brutality that seemed to him more merciful than further words.

The thin, child's shoulders drooped from under his hands. The boy turned his face to the wall. Ashton, feeling like a criminal, walked out of the room. As he opened the door he glanced back. The small figure was heaving with a convulsion of soundless sobbing.

He realized that Charles and Janet had been right. He should not have come upstairs.

He didn't find it easy to sleep that night at the Inn. That last glimpse of the little figure sobbing in the room at Langley Park haunted him. The memory of Ann also haunted him. If Ann had lived, he might have been a very different man than he now was. Ann's faith and courage and love, he felt, could have carried him further toward achievement than Mrs. Storey's social influence and fortune could ever carry him. But Ann had died, and he was what he was, and there was nothing he could do about it. Humanity's superstitions about the love of parents for children and children for parents were as silly and outworn as belief in tribal gods and fetishes. The boy would get over this, and be the better for it. This experience would harden him.

He slept, at last. And woke a few hours later to the determined ringing of the old-fashioned wall telephone. Still drugged with sleep, he answered it, and Charles' voice asked, "Have you seen anything of Ash?"

"Ash?"

"Your son," Charles said acidly. "He's gone."

"If you're insinuating that I've kidnaped him—I haven't," Ashton answered in the same tone.

CHARLES said, "Nobody's kidnaped him. Obviously, he's gone of his own accord. He's taken all the money from his bank—about twelve dollars, as near as Janet and I can figure it—and an old Civil War pistol he's been cherishing, and a pocketful of sandwiches."

Relieved, Ashton said, "Every normal boy runs away at least once. He'll turn up when he gets hungry."

Charles answered with a note of real anxiety in his voice: "I wish I was as sure of that as you are. Ash is bright, and he's as stubborn as a mule. Unless he wants to come back, he isn't going to be easy to find."

Ashton dressed slowly, feeling a shadow over the otherwise sunny spring day. After breakfast he went down to Charles' office to keep his appointment with Charles and Janet and the lawyer. None of the three was there. Charles' secretary said Mr. Langley had telephoned that important business would keep him out of the office all morning. He had left word for Mr. Carvel to call him.

Reluctantly, Ashton called Langley Park. One of the nieces whom he had never seen answered. "Mother and dad are out looking for Ash," she said. "What do you think? They've found out from the bus driver he took the five-o'clock bus for Compton Corners. He told the driver he was going out to study birds, and he got out in the woods just this side of town. Isn't it *exciting?*"

"Very," Ashton said dryly. He foresaw Charles' and Janet's return from Compton Corners with the fugitive before the afternoon train left for New York.

By noon Charles and Janet had returned—but young Ashton had not. Compton Corners was a junction for roads east to the coast, west to the grainfields, south to the Gulf, and north to the Great Lakes. For all that, it was only a village, with one policeman directing its considerable traffic. The policeman had not seen young Ashton. Neither, so far as this first hurried investigation revealed, had any one else.

Charles did not mention the adoption papers again. Neither did Ashton. The transaction could, as Charles had already pointed out, be completed by mail. There was no necessity for Ashton to waste time waiting in the Inn until this ridiculous search should be over. He could go home and finish the play for the production of which Mrs. Storey had half promised to furnish the money. The boy would be found, of course. Already the teletype had sped his description to the police of a dozen of the surrounding towns and cities.

FAITH ELLEN SMITH

was born and educated in Wisconsin. She started to teach, discovered she loathed it, and switched to a magazine editorial job and then to free-lance writing. She lives in New York City but, between turning out stories, has found time to do a good deal of traveling in this country and in Europe.

ASHTON repacked the few articles he had taken from his bag—and then unpacked them again. He was anxious, more anxious than he would let himself know, about the child who had sat there on the bed and confessed such supreme faith in him. Once, he himself had run away from Bay City, leaving behind him a situation which he had not the courage to face. He would not run away a second time. He would stay. He had no way of knowing, as he made that resolution, that he would stay for a month, and leave, then, with less assurance that young Ashton was alive than he had now.

As the month dragged past, each morning filled with hope and each night with disappointment and despair, he began to regard his son's departure in a new light. It had been, it seemed to him, more than the expression of a momentary childish rebellion. It had partaken of the nature of an exodus from Egypt—a leaving of the soft and pleasant things of life for principle and conviction. What wounded faith and consciousness of the betrayal of trust lay back of it, it made him sick to contemplate. But Ash had chosen flight rather than surrender to the inevitable. Ash no doubt was a stubborn, self-willed boy. But he was also a boy who had builded all his small philosophy of life around one hard-won, triumphant faith.

"And," Ashton thought, regarding his own reflection in the mirror of his room and discovering that his hair was becoming noticeably gray, "that faith—God pity it! —was in me!"

Where had it led the boy? To his death? It began to seem so. Surely, in four weeks' time the police would have found some trace of him otherwise.

When the four weeks were over, he had a conference with Charles and Janet. Common anxiety had somewhat lessened their hostility. They met almost as friends.

"There's nothing you can do here," Charles said. "Nothing any of us can do. As long as it's lasted this long, it may last for years."

"Forever, you mean," Janet said, wiping her eyes.

"Well," Charles said, "I wouldn't go so far as that—"

But each of them knew that "forever" was in the minds of all three.

So, in a very different mood from that in which he had re-entered Bay City, Ashton Carvel left it.

The weather had turned unseasonably hot immediately after Ash's disappearance. Mile after mile of country sweltered under blazing sun. What would happen to a boy tramping in that terrific heat? What might happen to a boy accepting rides from chance motorists or fraternizing with vagabonds of the roads? Ashton tried in vain to shut his mind to the visions that entered it.

From the station he tried to call Mrs. Storey, but she was out. Then he called his own modest apartment and

Will these MYSTERIOUS

No. 1-WHAT HAPPENED to ETTA RIEL?

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN they were just kids he used to carry her books home for her from the grammar school in Oxford, Massachusetts. It was a gallantry interrupted, often enough, by the necessity to chase lusty-lunged fellow urchins who, from a safe distance, chanted derisively:

"Bricktop's got a girrl! Bricktop's got a girrl!"

They sailed together the usual course of youth—out of the gay and sparkling waters of puppy love into the choppy and more disturbing stream of adolescence.

In 1932, the year they were graduated at eighteen—he, sturdy, with a clean, pleasant, youthful face and thick wavy red hair; she, petite, gray-eyed, and smiling—from Oxford High School, he gave her his class ring.

Red went away to college in Lewiston, Maine. They wrote each other long letters with a nostalgic adolescent flavor in which he called her "Moony" and she called him "Daddy." She enrolled at the State Teachers College at Worcester.

They were by now in the deeper—and deceptively calm—waters of maturity, their course already charted for them by half the town's population, who awaited the inevitable day when young Henry Sawin would marry "that cheerful mite of a Riel girl."

The "inevitable" day never arrived—never will arrive.

For out of that trite and familiar situation of a boy and a girl in love came, with cyclonic suddenness, a series of events so incredibly confounding that today—more than two years after their happening—the very capable police of Massachusetts admit candidly their complete and utter bafflement.

A few months ago New York's metropolitan newspapers celebrated the twenty-sixth anniversary of the classic Dorothy Arnold disappearance. Unless it is solved—and solved quickly—the Etta Riel mystery will take its place alongside the world-famous Arnold puzzle.

We must take up again the quite familiar romance of Henry Sawin and Etta Riel. It ran into trouble. And the trouble was not unfamiliar.

First, the gossip of Oxford brought to Etta Riel's ears the report that Henry Sawin had transferred his affections to another girl, Evelyn Moffitt. Then, to complicate matters, Etta Riel made the terrifying discovery—early in 1934—that she was pregnant.

In a desperate need to confide in some one, Etta Riel wrote a long and poignant letter to a teacher who had been her friend in high-school days. The teacher came from Long Island to Oxford, had a heart-to-heart talk with her two former pupils, went home again.

Apparently nothing came of the talk, for we find Etta Riel writing a second letter to her teacher friend, pleading for advice. She got it:

"Have him arrested."

On May 29, 1934, Etta Riel swore to a complaint charging that "on January 26, 1934, one Henry Sawin, not being then or since her lawful husband, did get her with child, of which she is now pregnant."

Young Sawin, indignant and protesting that he had never been intimate with the girl, was arrested by Officer Joseph Gahagan, who quoted him as saying:

"My love for her was entirely spiritual, intellectual."

Both young persons engaged attorneys. There were continuances of the case. Months passed. On September 22, Etta had her baby girl in a Webster hospital.

The date of the trial—set for November 22—approached.

Paternity trials are as sordid in Massachusetts as anywhere else. The accused man invariably offers the only defense there is for him to offer—that some one else, not he, is the father of the child. To establish this, he must find and place on the stand other young men who have had—or say under oath they have had—relations with the girl.

Etta Riel and Henry Sawin seem to have been clean-cut youngsters. Both were twenty; neither, villainous. The day preceding the trial date arrived. In the light of what happened during the next few hours, it would be interesting to know whether little five-foot Etta Riel or stocky red-haired Henry Sawin, whom she'd worshiped since she wore pigtails, knew exactly the sort of sordid mess that confronted them.

Evidently Etta didn't, for she had a pathetic desire to be as pretty as possible the next day. She sent this note to Mrs. William Pariseau in Oxford:

My case comes up in court tomorrow and I wonder if I come down this evening if Theresa will give me a hair wave.

Theresa was a daughter of Mrs. Pariseau and a friend of Etta. She was to work that night until ten o'clock and would be free after then. Mrs. Pariseau advised Etta of this in a return note, to which she added the following half-mysterious postscript:

An old friend of yours is anxious to meet you.

Etta arrived at the Pariseau home that evening. She was wan and depressed. Perhaps she was actually ill. In any case, Mrs. Pariseau noticed it and promptly made her take stomach medicine.

Shortly after ten o'clock Theresa arrived. With her was the "old friend" of Mrs. Pariseau's postscript, Henry Sawin. Four days before, he had told Mrs. Pariseau: "I've got to see Etta." Now it had been arranged.

None of the symptoms of a reconciliation appeared within the next half hour. Etta Riel remained dejectedly aloof, answering a plea of Henry's that she take a drive, with: "I'm not feeling well enough."

The drive was finally accomplished by the device of persuading Theresa to go along too. But Etta sat on the outside; refused to be drawn into conversation. Henry decided to return to the Pariseaus' house.

"Take me home first," insisted Etta.

He made a last desperate plea. "But, Etta, I want to

$1,000 for this vanished girl, dead or alive!—Here's a true story stranger than any fiction

Troopers scanned lake bottoms through waterscopes.

RIMES ever be SOLVED?

talk to you," he begged.

"There's nothing I want to talk to you about."

Henry Sawin drove to the Pariseau home anyway, and left Theresa there. He and Etta drove away.

At about 12.30 A. M. Officer Joseph Gahagan, who had arrested Sawin months before, saw them in Sawin's car in front of Etta's home in Charlton Street. Apparently the young couple talked for half an hour, for it was approximately one o'clock in the morning when Alice Riel, Etta's sister, heard her come into the house. She came into Alice's bedroom. And for the first time in long weeks she was the radiant vivacious Etta of old.

"Oh, Alice," she said, "I'm so happy. Henry and I are going to New York to be married. He's waiting outside in his car now. I've got to hurry."

She began raiding drawers and a closet for the clothing she wished to take with her. Alice saw her open a gray zipper bag, remove a robe from it, and hastily stuff into it clothing and toilet articles.

"Henry has a job in a garage in New York," Etta told Alice. "He starts to work Monday morning. He's rented three rooms, so we can go to housekeeping at once."

She yanked the zipper shut on the bag. It was a bag that Henry Sawin had loaned her long before.

"But, Etta, your case comes up in court tomorrow," her sister protested. "What . . ."

Etta Riel smiled happily.

"Silly! Don't you understand, Alice? That's all over now. We're going to be married. I'll be back Saturday for the baby."

She picked up the zipper bag. Her eyes fell on the robe she had removed from it. She put the robe over one arm and remarked, "This will keep my feet warm."

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON
MISSING
February 15, 1935
MISS ETTA RIEL, OF OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS
DESCRIPTION
she left home, she wore a black
hat, and black shoes. She is 20 y
She was last seen at the Union S
Please forward any information as to
Middle District, Worcester, or any
PAUL G. KIRK, Commissioner,
Dept. Public Safety, Boston
Dept. Public Saf
r; medium complexion. When
rrel trimmings, green Russian-type
12 x 18".
ber 22, 1934.
n A. Hoban, District Attorney.

By FRED ALLHOFF

There was a package in the room, wrapped, addressed and ready for mailing to a friend in New York named Mrs. Holden. It contained a maternity corset that had been loaned to Etta.

"Since I'm going to New York," Etta told her sister, "I might as well take this along and return it."

Before kissing her sister good-by, she borrowed a couple of dollars of the house money.

"I hate to do this. But I've only got ninety cents. Take good care of baby. I'll be seeing you Saturday."

She left then. She was wearing a black-and-white dress, a dark-green coat with squirrel trimming, a green Russian-type hat, and black shoes. . . .

That same morning, between two o'clock and two ten, the telephone in the office of the train dispatcher in Union Station at Worcester, Massachusetts, rang. Mrs. Effie M. Worden, the train dispatcher, answered it. A man's voice told her:

"This is a party talking from Oxford. There is a young girl in the depot who is going to take the train to Boston at about 3 A. M. Will you please go out and stop her?"

"I can't leave my office," Mrs. Worden replied. "I'll ask the night trainmaster to look for her when he comes in."

Mrs. Worden was puzzled, for the three-ten train was not a passenger train but a mail and express, Albany to Boston. Employees with permits might ride it dead-head.

"What is the name of this girl?" asked Mrs. Worden.

"Etta Riel."

"I didn't catch the last name."

"R-i-e-l—Riel."

The night trainmaster, when he was told about it, searched the entire station without finding any girl at all.

A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Worden's phone rang again. This time a woman spoke:

"I am talking from Oxford. Did you locate that girl?"

"We haven't been able to find any girl."

"Well, will you please look again—and hold her. Tell her we are coming to take her home."

This time Mrs. Worden sent Albert Walker, a porter, out into the station to find the girl named Etta Riel.

He had no more success than the night trainmaster.

At three o'clock Mrs. Worden's telephone rang a third time. Again a woman's voice spoke:

"This is the Oxford operator calling. I'm anxious to know if you have located that girl."

"We haven't been able to find any trace of her," replied the perplexed Mrs. Worden. "What is she . . ."

There was a click as the connection was broken.

In the late afternoon of that same day—November 22—Alice Riel, walking down Main Street in Oxford, saw Henry Sawin in his car.

"Where's Etta?" she asked him incredulously.

"I don't know," Henry Sawin answered.

"Weren't you and Etta supposed to go to New York this morning, to be married?" asked the girl. "Where is she?"

"I don't know," Sawin replied blankly. "She asked me to drive her to the Union Station in Worcester. I left her there. That's all I can tell you."

Alice Riel hurried home. Her family were as puzzled as she. Why should Etta have taken a train alone? And if two dollars and ninety cents was all the money she had, how could she have paid the much greater fare to New York—if she had gone there?

Later a railroad conductor said that a passenger had boarded the train at Worcester, riding to Boston. The fare for that trip is less than three dollars.

Days passed and there was no word from the girl. Then, on December 2, when she had been missing eleven days, her attorney, Frank Jablonsky, received a telegram. It read:

DISMISS CASE HAVE NO FURTHER INTEREST IN OXFORD HENRY IS RIGHT ETTA RIEL

More weeks passed. Still there was no word from the missing girl. Fully a month and a half after she had disappeared, investigation into the mystery began and the Etta Riel case broke in Boston newspapers.

When the story broke, Mrs. Effie Worden, the Worcester train dispatcher, at once recalled the three mysterious telephone calls received by her. She notified police.

A checkup proved that not a single telephone call had been made to Worcester through the Oxford Telephone Exchange during the indicated hours. Further, the woman's voice that had said, on the third call, at 3 A. M., "This is the Oxford operator calling," had lied. The Oxford operator was a man, Trevor Fortin. Finally, the number of Mrs. Worden's telephone was not generally known, for it was unlisted.

There is little chance that Mrs. Worden might have confused the name of the girl given her over the telephone, for she had difficulty in getting it. It was repeated over and over and finally spelled for her.

THE utterly weird incident of the telephone calls fits in perfectly with still another mystery: that of the telegram sent from New York to Etta's attorney, Frank Jablonsky.

Records disclosed that the telegram had been *telephoned* in from a United Cigar store at 1277 Lexington Avenue. The phone used was a public pay phone. The person phoning the message in had supplied his address, which turned out to be a vacant lot.

While in New York, Deputy Sheriff Keefe visited Mrs. Holden. She, it will be recalled, was the woman who had loaned Etta Riel the maternity corset that the girl had, at the last minute, decided to take along with her to New York and return personally. Mrs. Holden, incidentally, was the only acquaintance Etta possessed in all of New York's seven million persons. Mrs. Holden had neither seen nor heard anything of Etta.

Back in Oxford, naturally, interrogation had turned to the handsome red-haired youth, Henry Sawin. He came from a respectable, if not affluent, family. His stepfather was Leon J. Doolittle, sexton of a local cemetery. Testimony indicates that besides accepting various chores about town, Sawin had also helped his stepfather dig graves.

Here is the story Henry Sawin told in the office of District Attorney Owen A. Hoban:

"I have no idea where she is, but she had good reason to stay away. She knew that a number of other men were going to testify against her. And she had admitted to me that the charges she made against me were false."

"Do you think she committed suicide?"

"She might have. I don't know."

"When did you last see her?"

"When I left her at the Union Station in Worcester that morning, after driving her over there."

"How much money did she have, if you know?"

"She said she had about three dollars."

"The fare to New York is more than twice that. Did you give her any money before you left her?"

"No, I didn't."

"When she came out of the house that night, how was she dressed and what was she carrying?"

Henry Sawin supplied the information. It tallied perfectly with that supplied by Etta's sister Alice, except on one point. Alice Riel, in her story, described how her sister's clothing for the trip had been packed in the gray zipper bag Henry Sawin had loaned Etta months before. This bag was found in Henry's possession. He said that when Etta had come out of the house that morning the bag was empty, and she had returned it to him. Where, then, were the clothes she was taking?

SHE came out of the house," he insisted evenly, "with her clothes in a paper bag."

But Alice Riel had told of no paper bag. Who was mistaken? It remains to this day a matter of opinion.

Again and again Henry told his story to a score of police officers. Always it was the same. He denied making the phone calls to the Union Station at Worcester or of having sent the telegram from New York. If it is assumed that he did, that still leaves unexplained the identity of the woman who made two of those three calls.

When asked whether he thought Etta might have committed suicide, he had an excellent chance to say yes—and to offer stories of threats she had made to him to do so. He did nothing of the sort. He merely replied:

"She might have. I don't know."

Grilling after grilling failed to produce a serious crack in Henry's story.

District Attorney Owen Hoban, summing up, when preliminary investigation had run its course, said:

"The deeper we go into this, the more it becomes evident that the sole issue is: Where is the girl? I believe that the key to the case lies in the person who sent the telegram from New York to Etta's counsel."

But the telegram clue could not be checked further.

In April, 1935, the greatest search in the history of Massachusetts began. Those who participated were looking for one thing—the body of Etta Riel.

On that day nine ponds and lakes in the vicinity were covered by troopers in rowboats who peered through waterscopes to the bottoms of those lakes and ponds. Simultaneously a troop of Boy Scouts explored Purgatory Chasm, a gigantic chain of caverns in which a body might be successfully concealed for years.

Nearly two hundred men—private citizens and members of a CCC camp—reinforced state troopers on the next day in a series of searches that covered the entire country in the Oxford neighborhood.

On April 13, 1937, the grave of Louis Druzbick, who was buried the day after Etta Riel vanished, was opened. But the grisly exhumation only established the fact that no other body had been buried in Druzbick's grave.

No trace was found of Etta Riel—or her body. There was, therefore, no evidence to support the theory that Etta Riel had been murdered or had committed suicide.

Baffled investigators found themselves left with another theory—that Etta's disappearance was voluntary.

A close examination of this theory, weighing the known habits, actions, and character of the missing girl, made it seem utterly preposterous, too.

There was much testimony to indicate that Etta was a rather timid child, not accustomed to making trips of any distance by herself. Those who professed to have observed her childhood romance with Henry Sawin insisted they had never seen her with any other man.

The doctor who delivered her child received a letter

Henry Sawin gave this picture of himself to Etta before complications broke up their love affair.

●

Etta Riel's attractiveness came not from beauty but from her youth and her cheerful disposition.

from her shortly before her disappearance, in which she promised: "I'll be in to see you in two or three days."

Apparently she had no thought of leaving Oxford when she wrote that. She was not glad to see Henry Sawin when she met him at their home. She wanted to be taken home before the other girl in the car, Theresa Pariseau.

Then, at 12.30 A. M., Officer Gahagan saw her talking with young Sawin outside her home. At one o'clock she entered that house, according to her sister, a changed person. The entire case hinges on that half hour of conversation possibly, a few hours before the trial.

Let us see, again, what the paternity trial probably would have meant to Henry Sawin and Etta Riel.

Invariably the girl comes out more viciously besmirched than any one else. Is it possible that in that half hour she and Henry Sawin talked together Etta Riel was brought to comprehend, for the first time, the ordeal with which she would be faced?

What did that approaching trial mean to Henry Sawin? The worst that could happen to him would be to hear himself found the father of the infant and ordered to help pay for its maintenance. His payments would have been ridiculously small—two dollars a week.

It seems likely, then, that of the two, the trial held far more horror for Etta Riel than it must have for Henry Sawin. That fact might be held forth as a reason indicating that Etta Riel vanished of her own free will.

But absolutely nothing else can be made to fit the theory of voluntary disappearance.

Nor can the foregoing theory explain—unless Etta were a consummate actress, faithful to the tiniest details—the scene in her sister's bedroom: the happiness that she and Henry were to be married; the picking up of the wrapped corset, the taking of the robe to keep her warm. We cannot overlook the fact, too, that if Etta did go to her declared destination, New York City, she seems to have made the trip with only half of the necessary fare and to have hidden herself there with no means of support, no friends, and no knowledge of the city.

MOST important objection of all, perhaps, is this: Etta Riel loved her fatherless daughter. Asked, once, whether she would consider relinquishing the child for adoption, she snapped angrily, "I'll scrub floors before I'll let any one have my baby."

Yet more than two years have passed since Etta Riel vanished. And in all that time she has not, apparently, seen her baby. In those two years, too, "Bricktop" Sawin, her girlhood idol, has married. He married Evelyn Moffitt, the girl who won Etta's place in his affections.

Frank Jablonsky, Etta's attorney, is convinced that the girl is dead. Her friends and relatives believe so too.

Suicide? Murder? Voluntary disappearance?

No single theory fits all of the known facts. Needed, are the answers to some of these questions:

Who was the man who made the first telephone call to the Union Station? Who was the woman who made the second and third calls? Why were those calls made?

Who, interested in the case, would have had an opportunity to have sent the telegrams?

Did Etta realize fully what lay ahead of her at the trial, and when did she learn this?

What, exactly, was the conversation she had with Henry Sawin between 12.30 and 1 A. M.?

Whose story of the zipper bag is the correct story?

When police learn the answers to some or all of the foregoing questions, then we will have the answer to what is, by far, a question more intriguing than any of them:

What has happened to Etta Riel?

For the answer to that last question—for information that will lead to the discovery of Etta Riel, if alive, or the recovery of her body, if dead—Macfadden Publications, through True Detective Mysteries, offers a reward of $1,000 in cash.

THE END

A yacht boarded at midnight by a fiend! Its owner murdered, his wife subjected to horrors, their child jeopardized! This bizarre unsolved crime, the Collings case, will be presented by Mr. Allhoff in an early issue.

Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

DURING the rip-roaring days of the building of the Panama Canal, "Emerald Annie" Hopkins leaves the purlieus of Avenue A, New York City, to seek her fortune. In time she establishes a famous night club called Annie's Ritz at Colón. Though known as a hellcat, and no better than she should be, Annie was considered aboveboard in everything she did.

It is therefore something of a shock when Hardesty, of the Washington Narcotics branch of the Treasury Department, is told by his assistant, Mike, that Emerald Annie is acting as the head of a dope-smuggling ring.

Hard-boiled Hardesty has a soft spot in his heart for the glamorous Annie, but he tells Mike to reserve staterooms on the steamer sailing that night. The federal Department of Justice wants the guilty person at once!

Hopping a plane at Ancon, the G-man flies to Colón, and drops in at Annie's Ritz. The gay hostess hails Hardesty with her customary hearty good-fellowship.

"You're under arrest," Hardesty tells her.

"A gag—ain't it?" says Annie, laughing.

When she sees he is serious, Annie is furious, and declares it is a put-up job on the part of Carlos Urdaneta, a native who is suspected of wanting to be Panama's dictator.

Suddenly, while seated at a table, Annie draws a gun on the federal agent. She tells him she is not going to be taken away from Panama that night of all nights. For years she has been waiting to see somebody who is arriving that very night.

Hardesty disarms the night-club hostess, but consents to listen to her story. They go to her rooms over the cabaret.

PART TWO—"SAY YOUR PRAYERS!"

EMERALD ANNIE said to me going up the stairs: "Gee—I'm hungry! Losing my temper always gives me an appetite. We're going to put on the feed bag!"

"But I'm not hanging around here to eat," I told her gruffly. "You say what you've got to say, and then—"

"I'll forget that I'm a lady—and talk with my mouth full." She threw open the door of her apartment, exclaimed: "Not such a bad little dump—eh?" . . .

"Not so bad!" I echoed—and, having tactfully lied, right away felt sorrier for her than ever.

For her apartment was, over-ornately and pathetically, of the worst period of the golden-oak-and-plush decade. I am only a fairly well educated federal cop, and no interior decorator; but even to me that flat was hideous, with its steel engravings of patriotic and sentimental subjects; its collection of pink and blue porcelain knick-knacks; its edition of poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox bound in hand-tooled leather; mirrors in carved gilt frames; window drapes of scarlet-and-plum brocade hanging in stifling dust-gathering folds. Yes—brocade at the windows. While outside, hours after sunset, linen-clad bareheaded Colón sweltered and steamed and stewed, inside Annie's apartment there was no compromise; its heavy overstuffed furniture was mercilessly complete, from davenport to wing-cheek chairs.

Overstuffed furniture—in the tropics!

All this was Annie's native element. Its possession represented to her the pinnacle of success; and she basked in it, serenely unaware or indifferent to the fact that it was out of place—quite as out of place as the food which she brought presently and of which she took generous helpings.

On that night of stewing heat Annie served up her own idea of a decent snack as between citizens from back home in New York: Liverwurst and salami. Potent, crumbly store cheese. Pungent German mustard. Potato salad. Coleslaw. The blackest of sour rye bread. Four varieties of pickles and three of cookies.

It might all have been bought across the counter of some Sixth Avenue delicatessen place. And so—she informed me—it was.

"Know Ginzberg?" she inquired.

"I know at least seventeen Ginzbergs. Which one—and why?"

"Grover Cleveland Ginzberg. Corner of West Eleventh, up in old New York. Mighty nice little Hebe. He ships me all this stuff"—she pointed at the table—"twice a month, and he charges me a pretty penny—the bum! But—hell!—I can afford it—and I don't get my dough"—she glared at me defiantly—"from peddling dope—see?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Let's get down to cases," I suggested.

"Anyway, I don't care how much Ginzberg sticks me. 'Live and let live' is my motto—and, if he ever comes down to Panama on one of these here cruises, I'll get even plenty. I'll skin the hide off his fat back—see if I don't. Y'know"—and there seemed here a faint slip in logic—"I've always liked Ginzberg—although he doesn't dream who I am. We went to school together, him and me, back home in New York, on Avenue A. He used to carry my books for me—and proud I let him. Naturally, seeing that my dad was on the cops . . ."

Emerald Annie was started on her story.

Her mother, whose Christian name had been Flossie, had danced on the right end of the chorus of a stock burlesque troupe in a Houston Street theater. That was after a few seasons with a show on the Columbia wheel. Annie's father, sent to arrest the whole troupe during one of New York's chronic reform waves, had fallen in love with Flossie. After the trial he married her. Nine months later Flossie died giving birth to Annie.

For fifteen years, in his own rough and tender way, detective sergeant William Hopkins was father and mother both to Annie. Then he passed on, in his turn, when Fate put his number up.

Bravely Bill Hopkins died, in a pistol fight with four gangsters from Five Points. That left Annie an orphan without a cent and without a relative. The only resource left to her would have been the algebraic charity of a public institution, if it had not been for Honest Tim Nagle.

Honest Tim deserved his sobriquet just about as much as do most others who have used it. He had been one of

Don't miss this daring novel of a woman's colorful, crowded life

the friends of Annie's father; he had watched Annie grow up from toddling babyhood to a girl in her teens—a lovely girl now, with the soft curve of blossomy breasts, ruddy-gold cloud of hair, storm-blue eyes with a smudge of black in them, and skin white as a gardenia and stained by the young mouth scarlet as a knife wound. . . .

Honest Tim said to Annie:

"Don't worry, kid. I'm looking out for you!"

He called at the home of a magistrate in his ward and announced:

"I'll look after Bill Hopkins' kid."

"Generous of you, Tim," said the presiding magistrate. "I'll see that the necessary papers are made out."

So Annie went to live with Honest Tim; and everybody on Avenue A talked about what a lucky brat *she* was, with her foster father being who and what he was.

Pull he had—plenty pull. And dough—plenty dough; and getting plenty more.

For Honest Tim was a politician whose dim underground realm lay in that part of town which was both the soul and the stomach—possibly interchangeable terms — of those who worked with cloth and silk and shoddy worsted, with needle and thread, with thimble and sewing machine; those who, out of their starved, haggard East Side brains, toiled to make, ironically, the American woman—the native-born American woman — the best dressed in all the world. Sweatshop workers they were.

Honest Tim, tall, wide-shouldered, red-skinned, well fleshed, represented to them the America which they envied—and feared a little—and were never able to understand, either in its virtues or in its vices. Who was hail-fellow-well-met with rich and poor, with pushcart wop and Irish precinct captain. Who knew all of Rosenstein's five children and Esposito's eleven by their first names. Who could be relied upon to quash minor police charges; too, to find a supply of milk and bread and coal when times were hard.

A gent—"you bet!"—and living like one.

Brownstone house, just off Avenue A, with a tidy little garden in back and three—count 'em!—bathrooms. Sunday clothes made to order: shiny silk hat and double-breasted Prince Albert. Getting his nails manicured every Saturday morning and never slipping the girl less than a quarter tip. Riding a handsome roan in the St. Patrick's Day parade. Supporting his own club: the Timothy Nagle Downtown Social and Athletic Association.

He was Honest Tim; but everybody knew he had ten fingers in a dozen pies.

Not all of them—to use Annie's own words—"exactly kosher."

Often, late in the evening, Annie noticed that strangers would come to the house. Some were like the people she knew. Others were foreigners: men whose broad-brimmed hats were as black as their opaque unblinking eyes, as black as their long thin cigars; men whose faces might have been carved out of the dark-red timber of some

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

The child's cries peaked to a lusty ear-splitting yell. Hardly knowing what he was doing, Tim struck.

tropical forest; men whose manners were elaborate, who spoke in strongly accented English—and mostly in whispers. . . .

Naturally, up in her room on the top floor of the brownstone house, Annie could not hear much of what was being said. But she could hear enough to know—and in later years she was destined to remember and, before the tragic end, to put two and two together—that they spoke mostly of Latin America; chiefly of an exotic land they called Panama, which, some time earlier, had gained its independence after a bloodless revolution.

One day she asked Honest Tim about Panama. And in an offhand way he told her how the brand-new republic's first official act had been to sign a treaty with the United States granting to Uncle Sam the right to construct the Panama Canal. He told her what a canal was. But a schoolteacher living next door told her more of that most amazing project.

IT would mean, so Annie learned, the fulfilling of a fantastic dream of which Balboa had dreamed four centuries ago. She learned about Balboa, too. And it would mean the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. Think of that! It would mean the employment of vast armies of men set to digging and blasting, to attacking mountains and jungles, rivers and lakes. Would mean hoisting an ocean uphill and afterward—with a gesture so typically, so arrogantly American—casually dropping it.

It would mean—even before the actual digging could be started—cleaning out enormous miasmic swamps as neatly as a housewife cleans out an attic. Would mean, by the same token, the extirpation of countless trillions of the lowest forms of animal life—microscopic parasites of certain species of mosquitoes whose poisonous sting, in the days when the French had attempted the task, had brought yellow fever and malaria and had killed tens of thousands of laborers almost as fast as they had landed.

Oh, yes—a most amazing project. . . .

Teddy Roosevelt, Goethals, Gorgas—three American Titans to do it. Soon there was talk of them everywhere. Talk of what their creation—the Big Ditch, as it was affectionately called—would mean to America: as a commercial highway connecting two oceans, and as a military bulwark defending Atlantic and Pacific.

Talk, too, in Tim Nagle's parlor. Not about the Canal itself; its pride, its honest boast, its eventual glorious achieving. Rather—suspected Annie, whose precocious wits had richly ripened in the sewer gas of Avenue A—about various motley undertakings never mentioned in financial journals or in the pamphlets issued by chambers of commerce, but which might well thrive down there in Panama in the fertile tropical soil.

For those were the days when revolution and bloody civil strife were more of a Latin-American than a European pastime. The days when, beneath the pale glory of the Southern Cross, traffic and barter was still a clanking, swaggering enterprise, a spirited, reckless, high-hearted, two-fisted gamble with Fate; when brown men and gold still disputed the eternal Caribbean trade balance with white men and steel.

Gunrunning—Annie, knowing no better, thrilled at the thought.

And, perhaps, more than mere gunrunning? . . .

To wit, late one night, Honest Tim Nagle's words booming up the staircase—Tim, for once off his guard, loud and triumphant:

"O. K., boys. We'll make a sweet profit out of that shipload of rifles. But wait till the Canal is finished, and *then*—take it from me—we'll make John D. Rockefeller look like a piker."

Came a murmur of other voices—Spanish voices, excited, high-pitched, brittle—and again Tim's resounding basso as he called out to the colored servant:

"Whisky, George! And a bottle of champagne too! Tonight we're going to celebrate!"

So, presently, corks popping and glasses clinking. Hectic, hiccupy, alcoholic laughter. And, upstairs in bed, Annie laughed, too. Because, up to now, she liked Tim Nagle. She thought he was one swell cuss. Was mighty good to her. Openhanded too, especially on the morning after the night before. . . . If he had made a lot of money in this deal, he might buy her a present. There was that feather boa she had seen around the corner, at Levinsky's Emporium . . . that would go elegant with her tailor-made suit . . . and, gee! how the other girls on the block would envy her! . . .

Smiling hopefully, she turned out the gas, stretched out comfortably, dozed off. . . .

Annie slept soundly—she did not know how long—when suddenly she found herself wide awake.

She sat up; looked for the cause; saw a narrow sharp beam of light stabbing into the room through the door that was ajar.

She was about to jump out of bed—to close the door.

But at once she lay still. She heard a faint creaking noise on the landing beyond.

It disturbed her.

Who—who could it be? . . .

Why—she always had the top floor to herself. And Tim Nagle slept on the second floor—and the houseman in the basement. . . .

The creaking noise stopped; then returned.

Too startled to be exactly frightened, she strained her eyes toward the door.

It cleft more widely—slowly, cautiously. At the same time, as she watched breathlessly, the beam of light broadened, lengthened. . . .

Two hands then.

She saw them distinctly.

Powerful, hairy, male hands that came slowly from the darkness of the landing into the light beam's yellow sea.

Hands with spread-out fingers.

Fingers that seemed cruel—that seemed, somehow, obscene. . . .

Annie's fear surged up in deadly, paralyzing waves. It touched her spine. She was cold all over.

She opened her lips to ask who it was. Then she knew. It was Honest Tim.

She swallowed hard, not wanting to believe. But the door shut. The key turned in the lock with a dry, tragic click of finality.

It was dark.

Yet, through the darkness, she saw a dim shape gliding across the room.

Then a voice:

"Hullo, Annie!"

"What"—she stammered—"what is it, Tim? Is anything wrong?"

She heard him laugh as he approached the bed. She felt, a second later, his immense hands.

"Don't!" she implored.

Again his voice, choked and strangely nervous:

"You're a big girl now, Annie!"

THERE was nothing she could do about it. Tim Nagle bossed the whole neighborhood. There was no one to whom she could turn for help or advice. She was young. She was alone. She had no relatives.

Friends? Acquaintances?

They were poor people. Avenue A people. Nobodies. And looking to Tim for favors—even for food, in hard times. Besides, she was ashamed—terribly ashamed. . . .

It was not long before the whole neighborhood was wise to what was going on in the little brownstone house. One afternoon, as she walked down the block, she was followed by three small boys who yelled:

"Annie is a floozie! Annie is a floozie! Annie is a floozie!" . . .

These three kids were sent to a reform school; Tim saw to that, and nobody insulted Annie again.

The months rolled by; months that hardened her.

At first she told herself:

"Spilled milk—sure! I don't amount to anything anyhow. I ought to be grateful to Tim for taking care of me, I guess. Still and all, I don't like this life. I won't always want things this way."

Still, it wasn't a hard life. Tim was fond of her, in his way. Besides, whatever his brutality and his various vices, he was freehanded when it came to money. Why not? He earned plenty of cash. Earned it easily.

So he gave Annie whatever *(Continued on page 22)*

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Thomas I. Parkinson

PRESIDENT

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(Continued from page 20) she needed. Presents; and, too, money. Ten dollars one day, twenty the next, until by the end of that winter she had saved up quite a considerable sum.

Tim thought she spent it; but she fooled him, and she saved most of it instead of spending it, because that was the kind of person she was. She changed her money into bank notes of large denomination, which she rammed down the toes of her shoes. It made walking a little uncomfortable, but she did not mind. The possession of the money, its soft crinkle under her feet, gave her a certain satisfaction, a certain feeling of security; and—she reflected—the time would come when she would have a real fat wad of dough. Dimly in her mind there was already forming a plan to make her own way . . . some day.

Her own way!

She—herself alone—against the world! Why not? But her determination was destined to weaken—at least, temporarily—when, one evening, she made a great discovery within herself. The knowledge frightened her. It caused her young heart to pound. And—as on the morning after Tim had come to her room the first time—she did not know what to do; had nobody to turn to for help or as small a thing as sympathy.

Should she speak to Tim? She had to, soon enough. Because, one night, he noticed for himself, and grew livid with dismay.

"Wot's the idea?" he exclaimed. "Tryin' to pull a ball and chain on me?"

He stood over her, fists clenched, as if about to strike her. It was the first time he had threatened her with bodily harm. She burst into tears; and at once he was contrite.

"I didn't mean that," he said. "Turn off the waterworks." A pause. He walked up and down; went on: "Still—it's pretty damned tough on me."

Then she flared up.

"Tough on *you?* Tough on *me*—that's what it is, you big stiff!"

"Mebbe, mebbe," he conceded. Again he walked up and down; stopped; faced her. "O. K. We'll fix it."

"Eh?" . . .

"First thing tomorrow you'll call on Dr. Hirsch."

The latter, on the following morning, examined her. Shook his head.

"You've waited too long," was his verdict.

IN May the baby was born—on Annie's own seventeenth birthday, as it happened; a little girl, called Flossie after Annie's mother.

"Father unknown," it said on the registry certificate—and Avenue A was amused. . . .

She had imagined that she would hate the baby. But she didn't. She loved it. It softened her. She was no longer quite so bitter—against the world, against Tim; in spite of what he had done to her. Why—she told herself — he must have loved her, somehow. . . .

And now there was the baby, a link between them.

Yes, yes. Tim—the baby—and she herself. Not three separate individualities, but a unit. They belonged to each other. . . .

One day, with halting self-consciousness, she said something of the sort to Tim.

He stared at her, frowned.

"Aw—can that talk!" he replied.

"But listen." . . .

"Cut it out! I don't fall for that kind of hooey." . . .

He stalked out of the room; came home very late and roaring drunk.

OF late, she noticed, he was frequently drunk. He had changed, too, in other respects. For his rough joviality had given way to sullen moods. He became less and less generous in money matters; had no longer his moments of clumsy tenderness, nor of quick brutal passion. And more than once Annie caught him watching her with a strange tense expression in his eyes; caught him watching Flossie with that same expression — something akin to hate. . . .

She tried to banish the notion from her mind. Yet she could not overcome her nervousness; could not overcome a queer, shuddery foreboding.

Foreboding—a groping and peering into the future. The future that, one day, became the present. Became a fact—stark and grim. . . .

They were in the parlor. Tim was at his desk, writing letters. Flossie, on Annie's lap, started crying.

Annie tried to quieten her. She did not succeed. And Tim looked up, angry, annoyed; then slammed the desk with his fist and exclaimed:

"Get the hell outa here—and take that squawlin' brat with you!"

"But . . ."

"But—nuthin'! Out with you—the both—before I kick you out!"

Annie stood her ground. "Why?"

"Why?" He jumped up. He advanced toward her. His features were distorted with rage. "A fine sucker I was! Ball and chain—that's wot I wished on myself, awright, awright! Ball and chain!"

She would not let him see the tears. Her arms, encircling the baby, pressed convulsively. The child's cries peaked to a lusty ear-splitting yell. And suddenly, in an ungovernable fury, hardly knowing what he was doing, Tim struck out.

Only a glancing blow, since rapidly Annie had stepped to one side. But a red mark appeared on the baby's temple.

There was, momentarily, silence. Presently the silence was shivered by Annie's voice, that was hard, thin, frugal—and dangerous:

"Listen, Tim! Don't you ever touch this baby again—as much as touch her with your little finger. If you do, I'll kill you. I'll kill you as sure as you're born!"

It was an hour later. Flossie was in her crib, asleep. Annie was in her room. She heard the outer door slam. Tim, she thought, must be going out. She sat by the window and looked out. New York down there. Downtown New York. Smelly, wheezy, threadbare old streets. Gray, flat, dull.

Powdered here and there with the mottled brick-red of a once patrician house, a stable or garage that, generations ago, had been a proper gentleman's proper home. Streets branching west and north and south in a pattern of rays—rays of lumpy, wretched cobblestones and gutters. Streets whose former residents would have turned in their graves had they read above the shops the names of the present occupants: Syrian names, Greek, Italian, Russian.

Annie sighed. A sadness came to her. Too, a longing.

To get away from here, with baby! To another land—where nobody knew her. A newer, cleaner, greener, warmer, kindlier land. Sunshine—lots of healthy sunshine—for Flossie. Maybe—she had heard so much about it—Panama. Must be one swell place. You could tell by the name! Panama! A ring to it; a lovely, echoing ring: Pa-na-ma!

Money to be made there. Future to be had.

And she had the initial stake. It had grown to a thousand bucks, rammed into her shoes—two small tight wads. She could feel them with her toes.

Only—baby was still too little. Perhaps a year from today? . . . Would be tough living through that year, with Tim having turned into such a lousy skunk. . . . Well—couldn't be helped. . . .

THE jangle of the telephone bell startled her. She unhooked the receiver:

"Yeah?" . . .

"Tim speakin'. I'm leavin' town. Won't be home till the end of the week."

"All right!"

"Listen to me! I left some papers in my desk. They're in a sealed blue envelope. I may need 'em—send you instructions what to do with 'em."

"All right."

After a pause he said:

"Don't let's be sore. I'm jumpy. Big deal in the offing. Confidential stuff. Don't let on—see?" . . .

"I won't."

She smiled. Big deal—she thought—must mean Panama, or somewhere thereabouts.

Gee, wouldn't Tim be surprised if he knew what vague plans she had about this same Panama! Not that he'd really mind her going. Still, better not put him wise. He was through with her. But no telling what he might do. Men, she was learning, were funny creatures. Jealous even after their love, or merely their lust, was over and done with. . . .

Anyway, everything would come out all right in the end. She was convinced of it. And she spent the next

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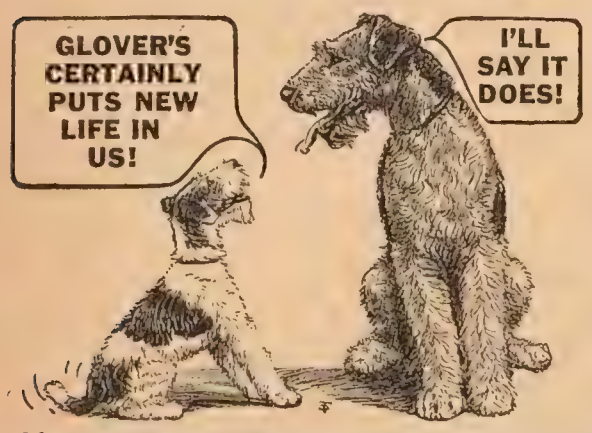

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few days happily and quietly with her baby.

She could not know that tragedy was coming toward her in seven-league boots. She could not even guess what already was being schemed against her happiness, against her very life. Worse even, when the blow fell, she was not to understand it, nor even surmise its dreadful meaning.

Years were to pass before Annie Hopkins knew the truth about what was now to befall her.

But, as she sat in that room of hers above her cabaret, she told me the full story, although while it was all happening, back in those last days of Avenue A, she knew nothing, dreamed nothing of what was afoot. For Annie was home in the brownstone house with her baby, Flossie, and the Negro servant, while Tim Nagle was in a drawing room on a train rolling out to Chicago.

THREE other men were with him, sunburned men from the tropics, and their purpose was a rendezvous in the Loop over a trivial matter of gunrunning near the equator—with each of the four standing to pocket fifty thousand dollars clear.

They had much to drink; not one of them was really sober when the argument began. It all started with the boasting of one of the Central Americans—a man called Carlos, a handsome and unscrupulous Panamano.

Carlos was boasting, for he was filled up with highballs and self-esteem. Glowing with rye and ginger ale, his eyes glistened as he proclaimed:

"There is no woman who cannot be won, if you understand how to do it. I understand. That is why I say no woman can—how do you say it?—excuse—resist me."

That started the argument in which all four of them bragged about their prowess with women—and the faithfulness of their favorites.

But it was Tim Nagle, obstinate by nature and more obstinate with the liquor in him, who was most profane and most arrogant.

"Gettin' women ain't so hard; but holdin' 'em is my specialty. When I love 'em, they stay that way and they belong to me. Why, my girl Annie wouldn't dare look at anybody else. She'd be too scared."

Carlos laughed at that, and for a few minutes one could not tell whether it would wind up in a fight or a wager. It turned out to be the latter. Whisky fumes filling their brains, Tim Nagle and Carlos Urdaneta made a wager of all their profits in their present enterprise—fifty thousand dollars against fifty thousand dollars—that the Panamano could win Tim Nagle's girl away from him.

They shook hands on that grisly bet, and decided to put Annie to an immediate test. That was why, at Pittsburgh, Carlos Urdaneta left the train. That was why he went back to New York, and why, in his own devious fashion, he spent the next afternoon gathering information, without showing himself, in the purlieus where Annie and her baby were living.

They were not encouraging reports that came back to Carlos Urdaneta. In fact, they were utterly discouraging. No use calling and introducing himself to Tim Nagle's girl. The whole block would be laughing at him, and his fifty thousand dollars would belong to Tim. For Annie, such as she was, could not be taken—so he was reliably informed—not by cajolery, for she was a citadel of loyalty, nor by force, because she was a hellcat if any one got fresh with her.

Yet Carlos Urdaneta could not lose fifty thousand dollars. He had great need for that money back home. He had to do something.

What he did—the scheme that he spun out of the web of his imaginative and twisted spirit—was worthy of some old plotter in the Decameron. He could not treat with Annie; but the Negro servant—ah, that was another story.

That very night Carlos Urdaneta was in Tim Nagle's house. When mother and baby were fast asleep he was in Annie Hopkins' room. His lean brown hand carried a flashlight. Stealthily he played that light around the room. He memorized a score of personal details, not only of the room, but he played the light on Annie sleeping there—saw the little red birthmark on her right breast, the mole on her thigh. The only thing he dared not do was to play that light on her face. It might wake her up. And that single omission was to play an extraordinary part in the wild strange days yet to come.

Carlos knew a lot when he crept out of that room. His heart was full of song as he took the train the next day for Chicago, joined Tim Nagle and the others, and announced with a melancholy face:

"I'm terribly sorry to tell you, Tim, but—I won the bet."

And proceeded to prove it.

But all this was unknown to Annie as she waited at home.

LATE on Saturday, Hymer Schmitt, one of Tim's hangers-on, came to the house. He was a pale curly-haired young man dressed in the prevailing height of fashion, complete from peg-top trousers to belted jacket with padded shoulders, from pointed shoes to flat pancake hat.

He asked:

"Boss tell you about them papers?"

"Yes."

"Get 'em and come along."

"Why can't I just give them to you?"

"Boss's orders. He wired me to tell you to bring 'em yourself tonight. Mebbe"—with a crooked smile—"he don't trust me."

"But"—she hesitated—"what about Flossie?" . . .

"Got a nigger servant—ain't you?"

Again she hesitated; then she called down the back stairs:

"George!"

"Yes'm?"

"Take care of baby. I'll be back." . . . She turned to Hymer: "When?"

"Before midnight. Let's go."

They drove a long distance. Uptown to the Bronx.

The Bronx—in those days in many sections still a stony, dusty, wooded region. For this was years before the time when every last parcel of real estate, bid in on a foreclosure sale, earned a million to the wise speculator. Years before the time, too, when—almost overnight—immigrants, disgorged from transatlantic ships, squeezed the older New York elements relentlessly north. Years before the great city would reach out its tentacles, flinging here a checkerboard of streets, crowded, clamorous, seething, terribly alive, housing a population larger than that of Nevada, Delaware, Rhode Island.

No sound here tonight, among the farm lots, of rolling wheels, of peddlers' bells, of newsboys shrilly shouting their "wuxtries," of children playing and yelling in the gutters.

But the silence of pristine acres. A barn here and there. A rustic clapboard or two. Occasionally a field of waving corn.

SURE — thought Annie, who had fallen asleep, but who sat up suddenly, with a start — waving corn! Waving corn beneath the moonlight! Waving corn — can you beat it? — right here in little old New York!

She laughed. "Going far—ain't we?" she demanded.

"Farthest," Hymer replied in a queerly thin voice, "you've ever went."

He stopped the car in a lonely spot, beside a gorge where, a few years later, a great apartment house would rear a pinchbeck imitation of Park Avenue and Fifth.

He said slowly: "I hate like hell to do it—honest I do . . ."

She turned in her seat; looked at him. His words, she thought, had seemed tainted by something—something unnatural. She was uncertain what it was, and this very uncertainty increased her horror. She felt her hair rise as if drawn by a shivery wind.

"To do—w-what?" . . . she stammered.

"Well, kid—I got my orders to kill you, that's all! So say your prayers!"

And a revolver appeared in his right hand.

She did not wait. She sprang at him like a she-panther.

It was his life—or hers.

By what quirk of chance does Annie save herself? And where does that leave Hymer if he fails to carry out Honest Tim's murderous orders? It is a moment fraught with tense possibilities. Order the next issue of Liberty to learn their astonishing nature.

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ADVENTURES IN *Health-Hunting*

BY LOWELL THOMAS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SHE overtook me as I was climbing a path up the mountain from Dansville, New York, in the picturesque Genesee Valley.

"Which of these paths will take me to Bernarr Macfadden's Physical Culture Hotel?" I asked.

"I'm going there myself; I'll show you," she replied cheerfully. And as we went along she remarked, "If anybody had told me two weeks ago that I'd be walking up this hill easily and liking it, I'd have said he was crazy. For five years I couldn't even climb the staircase in my own house. I've been at Physical Culture Hotel two weeks—and now look at me!"

"It seems to have done well by you," I commented cautiously. "Did they exercise your ailment to death?"

"No, no, no! You have the wrong idea that so many foolish people have been led to believe. This *isn't* one of those places where they take an invalid and treat her like a broken-down prizefighter. My brother-in-law like to had a fit when I told him I was coming here. He had heard a lot of the mean things that have been said about Bernarr Macfadden and what he does. 'They'll finish you off,' he told me—and he was mad about it.

"But here I came," she continued defiantly. "Two weeks, and my blood pressure is almost normal and I can get up this hill as easy as you, young man."

Her story certainly was plausible at first hearing. She was a nice chatty soul; came from Cleveland; told me of her adventures with disciples of Hippocrates—how each had seemed to be curing her for the first few days, and then the relapse, the growing sense of hopelessness, of inferiority, of having no place in this world.

But my second reaction to her story was skepticism—until I realized that my lately acquired lady friend from Cleveland had no earthly motive for instilling propaganda into me. She was not being paid to proselytize for the Physical Culture Hotel. She was paying her own good money, dollars painfully scraped together. And, into the bargain, she hadn't the faintest idea that I was a reporter.

With those things in mind I followed her up the front steps of the Physical Culture Hotel. I proceeded to investigate as a reporter, and the following is what I learned—a literal report of what I saw.

A famous traveler and author gives you the inspiring story of an eye-opening experience

I soon discovered that the lady from Cleveland was more or less typical of the majority of the frequenters of Physical Culture Hotel. Most of them came to the place with skepticism in their eyes. To most of them it was a last resort. But all of them within fourteen days had been transformed into ardent fans.

There was the salesman from Chicago, once a top-notcher, good for his $10,000 in commissions in even the worst of years. Excessive easy living had made him fat; being fat had slowed him down; being slowed down had brought about a sense of inferiority, and a sense of inferiority is just about the last piece of baggage that a salesman wants to carry around with him. When I met him he had been four weeks at the Physical Culture Hotel. The man I met was a sturdy well-knit fellow, as full of confidence and cheer as of health. Incidentally, the tailors in Dansville do a roaring trade, taking in or letting out the clothes of Physical Culture Hotel guests.

My Chicago acquaintance, however, is far from being the most spectacular instance of how the Physical Culture Hotel system takes people who are uncomfortably fat and makes them into lively, normal, and active persons. One man, Leonard L. Lechner, says that he lost sixty pounds in seven weeks on his first visit. On his next visit of seven weeks he took it more slowly and lost thirty-nine pounds. This he accomplished by walks, treatments, and diet regimen. Another notable reduction was that of Miss Gertrude Kahn, who on two visits, equal to seventeen weeks, lost fifty pounds by exercise and diet.

The story of what I saw at Dansville begins with these ordinary, average examples because to me they seem more striking than sensational cures, such as that of the arthritic cripple who was brought into the hotel in a wheel chair and five weeks later was dancing a tango. Also I met there a septuagenarian doctor from Toronto. Before he came here, learned men had told him he hadn't another twelve months to live. He is now seventy-six, returns to the Physical Culture Hotel every year, and feels as though he could reach 120.

I could construct this entire narrative out of authenticated case histories of spectacular recuperations, people who were almost at their last gasp with stomachic ulcers, chronic indigestion, toxemia, and other intestinal diseases; heart disease, neurasthenia, neuritis, malnutrition; diabetics who had been well-nigh wretched through excessive administrations of insulin. Even people who had for long miserable years endured asthma and inflammations of the sinal cavities went home from Dansville well and happy.

After all, the Macfadden principle is simple and obvious, and—as he has shown at Dansville and elsewhere—it works. The principle is: Most people eat too much and exercise too little. That's what brings nearly everybody over the age of thirty-five to a doctor. Any physician will confess as much.

As everybody knows who has tried, dieting either at home or in restaurants is difficult, tiresome, and tantalizing. Lots of people can't afford to play golf—or anything. As for those calisthenics they urge you to do before the open window every morning, is anything more wearisome or monotonous? At his Physical Culture Hotel, Macfadden has taken the die out of dieting; you don't mind it. And exercises can be fun if you execute them in a crowd of others.

Let's see what happens when you arrive at this Physical Culture Hotel. First of all, you approach one of the most beautiful, stimulating locations in all America. Near the top of a mountain overlooking the lovely valley of the Genesee, it is in the heart of the lake country, barely fifteen minutes from the Finger Lakes. At the back is a large power plant; on all sides comfortable-looking cottages. Then in the lobby there is none of the customary depressing "health-resort" atmosphere. I found myself in a well appointed *hotel.* It is a huge rambling brick structure with high ceilings and large, sun-filled spacious rooms, built in the days when architects thought that in this large country we could afford to be prodigal of space and air. The staff is as tactful and cultivated a staff as I have ever encountered. The manager, for instance, is a German lady who used to be superintendent of the famous clinic, at Frankfort on the Main, of Privy Councilor Dr. von Norden, *the* great specialist on diabetes.

Enthusiasts on the 300-mile annual Macfadden Health Walk from New York to Physical Culture Hotel in Dansville.

As I walked into the Physical Culture Hotel alone, the other newcomers, I observed, were a pretty gloomy group. Their chief conversation was about their symptoms. But a couple of hours later I walked into the lobby again. It was full of a crowd of chattering, laughing folks from all parts of the United States and Canada. They, I discovered, had been there two weeks or more. If they mentioned their symptoms it was with glee because the symptoms apparently were vanishing.

The first thing a newcomer does is to undergo a physical examination by a licensed physician who makes a complete medical examination: heart, blood pressure, lungs, everything. Every patron is tested, thumped, and auscultated, and turned over by the supervisor to one of nine consultants who devise the particular diet best suited to you, consistent with the findings of the doctor, and he then instructs you in the regimen, the routine of the hotel.

Now, I happen to know something about other physical-culture resorts. Often they are run by a retired prize-fighter or trainer of athletes. Such an one usually has only one system: "Give 'em the works." The physical examination at such places is a joke. At one of the most famous of those camps the "medical officer" was a retired horse doctor. His method was to apply a stethoscope, which he wasn't qualified to use, and to take a newcomer's pulse. After which he would say, "You're O. K." Whereupon you "got the works." Some constitutions have survived such treatment.

ALL this is the direct opposite of what you undergo at Dansville. It's the most carefully considered, scientifically planned method I ever saw or heard of.

Patients are conducted to a large hall with a platform at one end and a pipe organ at the side. A presiding instructor sits on the platform. They begin with a sort of grand march in fours. They are of all ages, from sixteen to seventy-six. After the grand march has limbered up a few muscles, everybody takes a chair, drags it into the middle of the hall, and begins the exercises *sitting down*. To me that seemed comic at first. But soon I began to see why. The first activities were wrigglings of the hands, wrists, fingers. Then the forearms were flexed. Later the biceps came into play.

Then I began to see why those exercises are begun sitting down. It is a system thought out with so much pains that every muscle in the body, every tendon, every ligament is brought into play. No single motion is done so long that it becomes monotonous or wearying. Later in the half hour, of course, the movements become a bit more strenuous for the muscles of the shoulders, stomach, chest, legs, and ankles. But still they maintain the important principle that no one exercise must be continued long enough for any one muscle or set of muscles to become distressingly tired. The chairs are used as implements in the exercises. The whole business lasts not more than half an hour. It ends in a couple of minutes of laughing. Everybody is urged to laugh uproariously.

After that they all drag their chairs in compact rows before the platform and sing, the instructor leading. To the tunes of the popular ditties of the day, or old-time ballads, they sing words such as, "Health-seeking is a glorious thing, 'tis full of joy and fun," or "Bernarr Macfadden, we're for you."

Frankly, this singing business seemed a trifle seriocomic to me at first. But after a couple of days I couldn't help perceiving that it had a definite value. As a matter of fact, Bernarr Macfadden didn't like it any too well himself to begin with. It was started by one of his enthusiastic instructors. The first time he heard it he walked back into his superintendent's office and said, "That's goofy; it makes us too much of a cult. Let's cut it out." And for the next few days it was abolished. Immediately complaints poured in. The guests liked it, wanted it, insisted upon it. So the custom was restored.

Every newcomer to the Physical Culture Hotel has been suffering a long time. They have lived too long with their symptoms; they have been driven in upon their ailments until they have become introverts, egomaniacs. In plain language, the Hotel makes them forget to think about themselves so much. It helps them to quit being so dog-gone sorry for themselves.

Having told so much about one hour of the day's regimen, I can't dwell in detail upon the rest of the waking hours. Baths you take—all sorts of baths, according to your needs. I gathered that anybody who comes away from Dansville is completely and absolutely clean, inside and out. Also, you walk, up hill and down dale. You hike in parties of thirty, fifty, seventy, a hundred, or, if you are not so gregarious, you can organize a foursome, threesome, or twosome. Anybody who craves to walk alone is considered a difficult case.

All these things I have related as faithfully as I could, to the limits of my capacity as a reporter. But the cheerful lady from Cleveland had summed it all up:

"For five years I suffered and no one helped me. I've been at Physical Culture Hotel two weeks, and now look at me!"

THE END

NO RULES FOR *Women*

BY ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ANNE LORNE and Craighton Day were married in the courthouse of the island of Nassau after an acquaintance of three weeks. Craig was a portrait painter, and had taken five hundred dollars of his last thousand to come to Nassau in February. He hadn't sold a picture in over a year. The dog of self-doubt that gnaws every so often at all creative artists had gotten a firm grip on him, and at twenty-nine he was too young to know how to shake it off.

So he tried to run away.

When he saw Anne, youthful, slim, and darkly lovely, with short hair molded to the contour of her head and long nunlike face, delicate as a cameo, the storm of emotion that had been gathering in him broke, and he fell instantly in love with her. She was a dancing teacher, sent to a hotel in Nassau for the winter season. For three years she had lived alone, supporting herself. Something in her responded to the need in Craig. When, in the garden of the hotel, on an evening of soft, floating moonlight, he asked her to marry him, she said slowly: "I don't think I'm in love with you, Craig. We've known each other such a short time. I like you. If you went away now I should miss you terribly."

A tingling tale of hearts adrift and that queer thing called love

"Well, then?" he demanded. "That's enough, isn't it? What else do you want? You do love me. I was sure when you kissed me."

"Were you?" She met his gaze. "You're kind and —lovable. But you're impulsive."

"This isn't impulse, Anne! If you knew how lonesome I've been, how horribly alone, most of the while! I haven't been able to paint. I've felt lost. Now everything's changed! Don't you see, Anne? Please stay with me—I'll make you happy. I'll be able to work again. You won't have to teach dancing."

"I like to teach dancing."

"I know you do—but I mean I'll think up ways to make you happy. Good Lord!"—torn from him—"Aren't you ever lonesome?"

"Often. Often."

"You won't be any more. Neither of us will be. We need each other."

Then he waited. As he waited, Anne thought: Perhaps he's right; perhaps I do love him. He's so mixed up and so in need of me, he makes my heart ache. I have a feeling that if I refuse now, I'll be refusing something that is splendid and beautiful that he is offering me . . . that may never come again. I don't want to lose that.

She said: "I'll marry you, Craig. As soon as you wish."

His embrace was very tender, and she let herself go into it completely, conscious of a happiness in him that downed all else, of a contentment that quieted her last remaining doubt.

Their wedding night was celebrated at the Jungle Club and later at the Bahamian Club, and both Craig and Anne had a marvelous time. Anne danced with H. E.—His Excellency the Governor—and H. E. told Anne she was the loveliest and sweetest girl on the island. When the compliment was repeated to Craig, he bowed profoundly to H. E., thanked him, and agreed with him, and they had a drink on it, to long life and happiness. Craig spilled ever so little of the wine on his shirt front, and said it was a libation to the gods.

When they were alone in their room for the first time after the ceremony, when all the dancing and drinking and noise was over, Craig took Anne in his arms.

"All right, darling? Not sorry? Not worried too much about whether you love me?"

His firm slimness held her and his deep restless eyes drew her closer, and Anne, with a rush of ecstasy to her heart that seemed to answer everything, murmured:

"I do love you, Craig—I really do—and it isn't the champagne . . ."

"No, dearest!"

"I want to stay with you always—"

Suddenly she stopped, and gazed up at him so solemnly that he was startled. He asked: "What is it?"

"Are you sure, Craig, that you'll love me always? Not just for a little time, while the mood is on you? Are you sure?"

"Of course, darling, I'm sure!" His cheek was against her hair. "Sure, forever! You'll see, darling—it will always be like this—"

A week of gay uncounted happiness and then the return to New York. They found a small apartment in the Village and Craig began to work. A new enthusiasm fired him. His pictures once more showed the life and sincerity which had been lost to him. His public seemed waiting, and were eager to patronize him again. Money came easily.

Anne met Craig's friends—artists mostly—and a girl named Sara Ellis whom Craig had known since childhood. Sara was unmarried. Her hair was an uncertain brown and her nose stub and her figure angular. Her eyes hinted continually at the humor of herself.

Anne liked her tremendously and they went out together while Craig was at work. One day Anne saw Sara gazing at Craig, unconscious of being observed. Afterward Anne said to Craig:

"Sara is in love with you. Did you know that?"

Craig nodded seriously. He didn't take the fact as a trophy. He said, a bit pityingly:

"I thought, sometimes, that she was. She never went with fellows much. I used to take her out once in a while in the old days. Poor Sara. She's an awfully nice girl, isn't she?"

"She's perfect," Anne said simply. "I'm fonder of her than any girl I've ever known. I wish I were more like her."

"What, with a pug nose and long bony arms?" Craig hooted, gazing at Anne's lithe dark loveliness.

"And courage to face down anything and a brave acceptance of the result. I'd take the pug nose and bony arms with that."

"But you are brave and courageous!" Craig declared. "Don't you realize that?"

"No," Anne said.

Plenty of work and plenty of play through the winter and spring. And in June Craig was offered a commercial job that meant a search for a model who would make

the name of the Townsend Hosiery Company famous. Craig had pretty definite ideas as to the type he wanted. He spent a month looking for her, and then went to see Baxter, head of the agency which had secured him the commission. Anne went with him.

"It isn't just a pair of legs I want," Craig told Baxter. "It's a whole girl. The rest of her has to complement the legs and stockings. I've tried every model in town, and none of them will do."

"What sort did you have in mind?" Baxter asked softly. He was a thin man with a creviced face.

"I want some one," Craig said, "with a vivid freshness about her that will appeal to all women, and a charm of figure that will appeal to all men. She should be dark, I think, and slender. And she should have a certain eagerness about her which I can't describe but which I can put on canvas. Young, of course. Now, where in heaven's name—"

He stopped when he saw Baxter staring at Anne, sitting in a chair near a window. The light came full upon her beauty and grace and bright youth. Craig looked at her, swore softly, and muttered:

"My glory! Oh, my glory! Name me a name, Baxter, quick!"

Craig finished the picture in three weeks. He had worked desperately hard, and it was good—so good that the president of the Townsend Hosiery Company, who knew a picture with an irresistible appeal when he saw one, yelped to Craig's agent:

"Just what we want, by God—just what we want! Get Mr. Day under contract at once, and tell him for the love of Pete not to lose that model. Wait—put it in the contract. Put it in the contract that he's got to keep that model."

Craig laughed when he heard about this. He said to Anne:

"You've got to stick with me now. If you leave me, I'll sue."

Anne smiled happily. "I'm glad you need me, Craig. It's really a partnership, isn't it? Oh, darling!"

Sara Ellis was overjoyed at Craig's success, and she showed Anne a clipping from a gossip column: "That lovely Townsend Hosiery Girl, whose face and form are tying up traffic in front of billboards and causing many husbands to take a sudden interest in the kind of stockings the little woman wears, is none other than Mrs. Craighton Day, wife of the artist who did the picture. Great Day!"

"So you see," said Sara, "you're becoming as famous as Craig. They'll be giving parties for you soon."

There were parties. Craig and Anne were invited everywhere, and Craig began to take drink for drink with the others. He had received so much money for that one picture that he felt he rated some fun. They both deserved it—and he'd really worked hard, hadn't he?

"Yes, of course you have, darling," Anne agreed. "But all that drinking isn't really fun. It only upsets you. And those people—they're not your type. You just happen to be the vogue now. They lionize you. If anything happened so that . . ."

She stopped, seeing Craig's face, but not soon enough to escape hurting him. A queer light came into his eyes, something Anne had never seen there before, and he turned away from her. She cried:

"Craig, I didn't mean to offend you! Please forgive me. I just meant that you'll have to take care of yourself, and—keep on working."

"That's all right," said Craig. "I get it. Maybe I am just a vogue. But I was pretty good before, you may remember."

"I know, dear! And this evening we'll walk along the Drive, shall we? And watch the boats and the electric signs. We haven't done that in—oh, an awful long time."

She watched, covertly, Craig's face as he talked with Mona. And the next afternoon Anne, with her fingers twisting agonizedly, said to Sara: "I could tell—as soon as I saw them together. It's true, Sara, it's true! I know that something is going to happen—something as serious as death."

Sara tried to laugh these thoughts away. "Mona Core! Good heavens, it's ridiculous, Anne! Craig could never like her. Why, she's an experience, not a person."

"I know," said Anne, low. "That's it. Craig wants the experience. Oh, he's fighting against it—but—" She arose, walked about restlessly. "He's been penned up. With me. He wants to break out. He may not realize it,

Anne felt Craig's arm, in hers, jerk. His hand gripped her wrist.

but it's so. Mona is offering him his chance. Heavens, how much simpler it would have been if I'd loved him in the beginning, as he did me, so that by now it might be wearing off a bit, as his love is for me!" She faced Sara. "It's funny—isn't it?—that it should take me so long to realize how much I love him—how terribly, torturingly I love him—and while my love was coming in, his was on the way out!"

Sara reached up, seized Anne's hands. "You're talking very stupidly," she said harshly. "You know Craig loves you, and that he always will. This interlude means nothing. It will pass. You'll see."

"Will it?" said Anne bitterly. "Suppose I was an interlude, too. Suppose I simply filled a need in his life, as Mona is doing now. Sara—I tell you—if Craig goes to Mona—*goes* to her—it's the end, for me."

The next week Craig started on the second picture for the hosiery company, and it took him nearly a month and a half to finish it.

When it appeared the gossip columnist printed: "That latest honey by Day is as good as a public announcement. Is he in love with his wife!"

Sara showed this to Anne. Anne seized and tore up the clipping and ran from the room.

There were evenings now when Craig didn't come home to dinner. Not often, perhaps once or twice a week. Anne never questioned him. She could not bring herself to this. The excuses Craig made were vague, but Anne did not insist on explanations. She lived, during this period, in a numbing, icy hell.

Then, one night, as she lay sleeplessly in her bed, Anne heard the door of her room open. She switched on the bed light, glanced at the clock on the table. Three thirty. The door opened wide, and Craig stood there, wavering slightly. He muttered:

"Anne. May I come in, Anne?"

Her hand to her throat, as though the words must be forced out, Anne said: "Of course. Come in. Is there anything the matter?"

He walked unsteadily to her, slumped down on the bed. "No. Nothing the matter . . ." Then suddenly he reached toward her, clutched her shoulders. "Anne! Can't we have a baby? Can't we?"

Hysteria was in her laugh. "A baby! At three thirty in the morning! Craig, you're drunk!"

"No. Not drunk. Listen, darling. I've always wanted a baby. It would be fine to have a child—for us to have a son, wouldn't it? You remember what I said when I asked you to marry me? That we wouldn't have children until you were sure. But you are sure, aren't you, darling? You're sure you love me? If we had a child—it would keep us together—always—"

He felt her stiffen, and glanced at her quickly. She said in a stifled voice:

"I see. So that's it. I should have known. A child, to keep us together. You need that, don't you? You need something to bind you to me. A chain that you can't break, even if you want to. Protection from yourself. Craig, why don't you buy a house with bars on the windows and locks on the outside of the doors, so you can't escape from me? I know a nice place we could get—over in Jersey—near a lake—"

GASPING, she fell back on the pillow, her whole body shaking. Craig cried: "Anne, for God's sake!" and bent over her.

She became immediately rigid. She said quietly: "Go away from me. Quickly. Quickly."

"Anne! Please listen—"

"Go away. Hurry!"

He got up and stood gazing down at her. Anne's eyes were closed. A long moment he remained there, and then said: "Good-by."

She heard the door close behind him.

When the night of agony ended Anne dressed and went in to breakfast. Craig was not there. He was not in the apartment. Anne could not eat, but she compelled herself to sit at the table for a time. Then she went to the door of Craig's room.

She knew that she could open the door and find out the truth. She could fling the door wide and stare with wild, despairing eyes at the smooth pillows, the unslept-in bed. So would she receive the final blow. Her hand was on the knob. She turned it. Now—now—

"No!" she whispered. "Not that way—he'll tell me. I'll wait until he tells me. Oh, Craig . . . Craig . . ."

Blindly she fled from the door.

All that day Anne did not leave the apartment. She waited for Craig. A little before six he came in, sober but terribly nervous—his hands would not be still, his eyes roved continually.

Anne said woodenly: "Well, Craig?"

He muttered: "I'm sorry about last night. I'd been drinking."

"Yes. I know."

"I hope I didn't disturb you so much— Oh, God, Anne!"

HE was before her with his hands out from his sides and his sunken eyes burning and his face ravaged as though a claw had dragged down over it. Anne stared at him fixedly. The ice was heavy about her heart.

"You went out—when you left me last night?"

"Yes. I went out."

"You—saw some one?"

"Yes." Dully, as if he were reciting a lesson automatically.

"Mona Core?"

"Yes. Mona."

"You—"

"Anne, please—"

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"All right, Craig." She wondered at the steadiness of her voice. "Thank you for telling me. I'm only taking one bag with me now. I'll get the rest later."

"Wait, Anne! What's happened to us?" His head jerked back as from sudden racking pain. "Listen to me. It won't ever happen again. Not ever. I was drinking—don't you understand? And when you laughed at me—I—" He shivered. "Is this really us—doing these things?"

Anne did not speak or look at him. In a moment she had gone into her own room. When she came out with her bag, and Craig was standing near the door, his eyes gazing at her hopelessly, she said:

"I'm very sorry, Craig. It isn't just because this happened. I mean it's not simply—Mona. It's because I know, now, that I was right in the beginning—that it was not love with you, but a mood. You were lonely. You needed me. That's not love—not the kind I want, nor the kind I give." Her voice faltered, but in a moment she caught herself and continued tonelessly: "I'm going to a hotel tonight. I'll get my things tomorrow. Good-by."

"Anne! Wait . . ."

She couldn't say that last word again. Quickly she opened the door and was gone. Craig whispered: "Holy God!" heard a queer sound from his throat, like a horrible laugh, and leaned against the door, his hands covering his face.

Anne did not come for her things the next day. Sara did. Craig was slumped on the couch with a drink in his hand, and he asked Sara dazedly: "Where's Anne?"

Sara told him: "Not with me. She made me promise not to tell you. But if you'd stop drinking—"

Craig stared at the glass. "Stop drinking? Wouldn't help. Anne's gone. She's gone. Sara, she's gone!"

"You stay here until I come back. Stay here, you understand?" Sara said loudly.

"Sure. Stay here. All right. Anne . . ."

He was not there when Sara returned that evening. The maid was frightened, and she said: "Mr. Day went out—he said he had to look for some one—he was in awful condition, Miss Ellis. I'm afraid he—"

Sara, too, was afraid. Later she called several of Craig's friends, and then the bars at which he was known. No one had seen him. In the morning Sara telephoned the hospitals, and finally the police. No trace of Craighton Day. He had disappeared. Anne, when Sara told her, could summon no tears. She felt stiff, frozen, inside. The following week she resumed her job at the Franz Rand School of Dancing. Almost as if she had never been

married. Almost, but not quite, for something within her had changed, some part of her had been burned out, and Anne knew that it could never be the same again.

When it became known that the Craighton Days were separated, and that Craig had gone, no one knew where, the Broadway columnists were almost maudlin in their expressions of regret that such an ideal romance should go on the rocks. Craig Day and his wife, the beautiful Townsend Hosiery Girl, had parted. Whose fault? There was mention, not flattering, of Mona Core. Mona smiled at all this. Smiled, and declared that she might do a book about Craig, and call it Desire Under the Circumstances.

Not original, but it served.

Baxter of the advertising agency was hard hit by Craig's disappearance. Townsend held him responsible. Now there would be no more of those pictures. "Why don't you keep track of your men?" Townsend raved. "If they gotta have nurses to look after 'em, get nurses! What about my advertising campaign based on the Townsend Hosiery Girl, hey? What about that?"

Baxter shook his head sadly. He knew better than to suggest that another artist take over. He realized that Anne would never sit for another artist. The biggest account in the office flying out the window because of a busted romance.

With the passing weeks many other things arose to occupy the attention of the smart set and the writers of columns.

EARLY one August morning, before Sara had departed for work, the doorbell in her apartment rang and there was Craig. He was tanned but very thin, and his mouth twitched and his hands fumbled in and out of his pockets. His eyes held despair that seemed to have dwelt there long. Sara stared at him, gasped:

"Come in, Craig! Oh, please come in—"

He entered and slumped in a chair. He gazed around the room. A sewing machine in a corner seemed to affect him strangely, for he kept his eyes on it while he talked. Disjointedly he told Sara:

"Mexico, mostly. Not even sure how I got there . . . but I know I'm a rotten gambler." He laughed. "They honored my checks even in Mexico. Until the last one bounced. Guy I met staked me to some clothes and a ticket back—nice guy, he was. Said he was a painter himself. Lovely colors in Mexico . . ."

"You haven't any money, Craig?" Sara asked.

"Nope. None. Complete bust. Went to see Baxter as soon as I hit town—Baxter—you know him? Advertising agency. Thought I had a contract—maybe could do some more pictures for that hosiery company . . . Townsend . . ." His voice trailed off, until finally he said: "That sewing machine. It's homelike. Home. Sara—where is—"

"What did Baxter say?" Sara broke in swiftly.

"Oh, he was very nice," Craig went on, his voice artificially heightened. "He said he'd do all he could for me. But the contract—that was out. Townsend wouldn't have anything more to do with me or with Baxter either. I guess I kind of ran out on 'em." He paused. "So I'm washed up there. Baxter said he'd lend me some money—a little— You see, my hands are rather shaky—"

He held them out. Sara caught her breath. Craig laughed.

"Not so good for work. See how it is? Sara, you haven't got a drink in this place, have you?"

"No, Craig—I'm sorry—"

"O. K. The corner isn't far."

And now she watched him prepare to gather courage to ask:

"Sara . . . Anne? Where's Anne?"

"In Newport, Craig. She's teaching dancing there. She won't be back until late September."

"You think—there is any chance—for me?"

"I don't know, Craig. If she saw you now— Oh, Craig, why—why did it all happen? Why?"

Hoarsely he demanded: "Tell me one thing. One thing. No reasons, no explanations—just the answer. Have I a chance?"

She looked away from him.

TED HUSING

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TRAFFIC was heavy that blistering hot Summer afternoon as Mr. E. P. Keenan of Chicago, returning from a business trip, sped along Waukegan Road. His passenger, a fellow salesman, did most of the talking. Mr. Keenan was too busy keeping one eye glued on the oncoming traffic in the other lane.

"We're making pretty good time," Keenan's pal said. He couldn't reach "Home Sweet Home" quickly enough.

Bang! Like a thunderbolt the staccato crack of a blow-out rose above the roar of the motor. Keenan froze to the wheel. In desperation he gave a frenzied tug. The car bolted—lurched to the right—and came to a safe, but lucky, stop at the brink of a deep ditch.

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"Anne told me—it was over. She meant it. She meant it, Craig. I'm so sorry—"

Swiftly he arose. "Right. Thanks, Sara. I'll see you later. Thanks a lot, Sara—"

She called frantically after him, but he would not stop. When Sara knew she must follow him, she began the search of all the bars in the neighborhood. Four hours later she found him, quite drunk, in a place near his old apartment. She brought him back with her. Thereafter her apartment was his home, all he had.

IT was raining. Craig walked the street with his collar turned up, and at the door of Angelo's he paused, thinking: I've tried. Two months. I stuck it out. But now everything is catching up with me at this moment—

Inside, at the bar, he said to Angelo: "Scotch. Can I put it on the tab?"

"Hello, Mr. Day," said Angelo, a shy, smiling little Italian. "I no see you for while. Where you been?"

"Around," answered Craig. "Can I put it on the tab?"

"Sure—sure, Mr. Day! Anything!"

One drink didn't help much. Craig still felt the rain, felt the chill of it, and loneliness. He had another Scotch. Then he mused:

Lord, what am I going to do? Am I going on like this? Can I? Oh, to hell with it all! . . .

It was nearly dusk. "Scotch," he said, and then looked toward the rear of Angelo's. He and Anne used to come here often. Is there any one I know? Craig wondered, and by the way the words came alive and spoke themselves in his mind he was aware of approaching drunkenness. He said to himself clearly: Perhaps Anne is here, in that dark corner. Perhaps if I call she'll come. Anne!

He had not said it aloud. But he had the impression of going into an empty house, where once some one had lived whom he loved, and who was now dead. It was as though his voice echoed through the emptiness.

Then from the shadowed rear a girl came toward him. She smiled and said: "How are you, Craig? I saw you when you came in. I waited until you had a few drinks."

Mona Core. Craig stared at her owlishly. He hadn't wanted to see her. He hadn't called her. He said: "I didn't know you were here."

"Or you wouldn't have stayed. Well, I am, so let's have a drink together for old time's sake. What difference does anything make?"

"Right—what difference? To hell with it! Angelo! Drinks."

She said: "I'm here alone."

"I'm alone, too. Practically always."

"Let's take the drinks to a table, shall we?"

They had more Scotch at the table. Mona wasn't sleepy-eyes now. Her eyes were burning. They reached continually toward Craig. She murmured: "You do things to me. Why?"

"Scotch," said Craig, impassively.

"When are we going?"

"I'm waiting for—"

But he didn't finish it. He wasn't drunk. He couldn't get drunk now. There were more drinks, and it was eight, nine, ten o'clock, and Angelo brought them things to eat. Mona ate while Craig drank. Later Craig took a sharp-pointed steel butter knife and, spreading his hand flat on the table, tried to jab the knife in the spaces between his fingers. He cut his thumb and Mona took the knife.

"Don't commit suicide while I'm with you," she said, and seizing his hand, she kissed it. He dragged it away.

"You got a wrong steer," he told her. "I'm broke."

"Damn you," said Mona. "What do you think I—"

She stopped and stared beyond him,

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above his head. Then she laughed. She exclaimed: "Well, well—things do come to pass, don't they?"

"What?" asked Craig.

HE turned and saw Anne. She was with Hank Perry. As they approached, Anne's loveliness smote Craig fully and left him weak. She was pale, and slimmer than he remembered. He saw that she had not yet observed him and Mona. When she did, her dark eyes widened and she clutched Hank's arm to steady herself.

"Anne," said Craig, and got to his feet. "I'm glad you came. I was afraid you never would."

"Craig," Anne murmured, her face stricken. "When did you—it's been so long—" She stared at Mona, her eyes shifted, and she gasped to Hank: "Please take me out of here."

Craig said carefully: "Wait a moment. I want to tell you something. It will only take a moment. Hello, Hank."

"Hello, Craig."

"Hank, will you leave us for a moment? It's something I want to say to my wife."

Hank gazed at him curiously. "Why, certainly, Craig. Anne, I'll wait for you at the door."

He was gone before Anne could halt him. They stood near the table, Craig and Anne, with Mona seated, watching them, her mouth curved sardon-

ically. "Ten dollars on the zero, Craig," she said.

Anne was trembling, the back of one hand pressed hard against her lips, all the burden of her assaulted love filling her eyes. She choked: "No. No, Craig . . ."

"I won't keep you long," said Craig gravely. "I simply want you to know this: I love you, Anne. You see this person at the table with me? I didn't come here with her. I haven't seen her since you left me. I'm telling you this because, besides loving you, I honor and respect you. Once I dishonored you with this person. Once. That's all I wanted to tell you. I won't bother you any more, Anne, ever. Now may I take you to your escort?"

"Craig," Mona said. "You bastard."

Craig turned his back to her and offered Anne his arm. "If I may have the privilege."

"Thank you," Anne whispered. "Oh, Craig—seeing you again—"

Together they walked toward the door. Mona gazed at them with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

Three, four steps away from her. "Craig," Mona said again loudly. He did not halt. Mona's hand closed over an object on the table. The sharp-pointed steel butter knife.

IT could not have been impressed on her mind as a knife, for she did not look at it. Even with her hand raised, clutching the handle, she did not see it, for her gaze was fixed on the man escaping from her, leaving behind only his contempt. Her thin armor of restraint was shattered.

As she flung the knife savagely, it turned once in the air. When it reached Craig its blade was toward him. A gleam of light flashed from it. Horribly, unbelievably, it struck between his shoulders and fastened itself to the hilt within his body.

Anne felt Craig's arm, in hers, jerk. The muscles stiffened and his hand gripped tightly about her wrist. She did not hear Mona's terrified: "No—it couldn't! It—" She knew nothing of what had occurred. They continued on toward the door, and Craig said: "It's nice to be with you again, Mrs. Day." Anne, her eyes suddenly bright, her face glowing, responded: "It's nice—to be with you, too, Craig."

He walked on with her, straight, firm. His feet began to drag a bit. It was then that a girl at the bar screamed: "He's got a knife in his back!"

As though at a command, Craig's arm released Anne. He fell heavily, almost across the threshold of the door. Thus far had he come. Thus far had he remained upright, courageous, for he was paying to Anne a debt of honor, and he paid it to the limit of his endurance.

Angelo leaped from behind the bar, yelling. "*Madre di Dio*, she stab him, that woman—she stab Mr. Day!"

Mona sobbed: "I didn't mean to! God, I didn't mean to!"

Hank Perry was at Anne's side.

(Continued on page 36)

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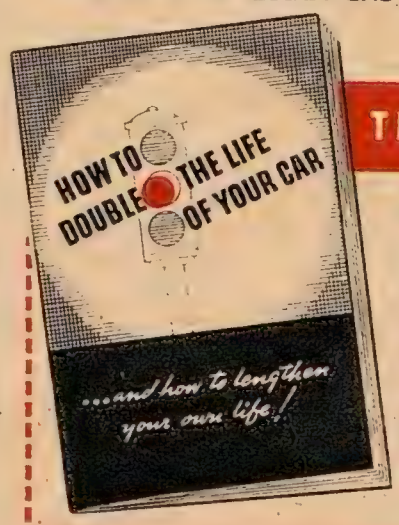

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LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE ESPECIALLY LOW SINCE THE RECENT REDUCTIONS

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(Continued from page 33) "I'll take care of him. You go out and get in the car."

Anne did not hear him. She knelt swiftly beside Craig. Her head moved distractedly, her eyes traveling the length of Craig's body, as one devours with wild glances the wounded body of a beloved. Gently, timorously, she touched the handle of the knife between Craig's shoulders.

"Don't go away again, Craig," she breathed. "Not now, just when you've come back—"

IN the darkened hospital room sat Anne and Sara. Their voices were low. Sara was saying:

"—for two months, since he came back. I tried to do what I thought was best for him. I had to keep him with me. He needed me—some one—more than just a friend. Some one who loved him. He was so desperate. We were together in my apartment for two months, Anne. It's hard to tell you. . . . I gave him all the comfort I could. Myself. If I hadn't, I think he would have killed himself. All the while I felt that some day he would return to you. I felt I was *saving* him until that time. I wasn't wrong to give him what I could of my love. It was I who gave, who forced it upon him, knowing his need. Not he who took. So you see, Anne?"

"Yes, dear," Anne answered quietly. "But what of you, now? You love him. How can you—"

Sara took her hand. "Some day you will know that. You will know how I can do this—leave him—without suffering. I'm going away. I'll write to you." She arose. "Don't feel so ry for me, even a little bit. You'll understand later. Take care of him, won't you?"

"Yes," Anne promised, and they kissed each other, these friends, standing over the bed where Craig lay sleeping.

. . . . . .

A letter, dated March 5, from Cannes:

I'm very happy, Anne. Contented. What has been mine will be mine always. You understand that now, don't you, darling? Is that a queer way to love? We are strange, we women—and who knows that better than you! There are no rules for us. There never can be.

Take care of Craig. My love to you both. SARA.

Craig saw Anne with the letter.

"Friend?" he asked.

Anne nodded. "Yes, a friend. From Sara. She says she is very happy, and sends her love to us."

Craig dropped his brushes and went to her. He put his arm around her.

"Darling—you know everything but you is over for me, don't you? All that—other. Forever. I tcld you about Sara—it wasn't as though—"

"Get to work, sweetheart," Anne said softly. "Do you know what Sara wrote? That there are no rules for women, when they love. She's right. Oh, she's so right, Craig, my dear!"

THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

RED TUESDAY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT had rained every day for a week. Clouds still hung dark and low at eleven thirty Tuesday morning. Jed Whilkins was leaning against a post in front of his Horse and Mule Auction, talking to Horace Burney, when old Doc Jackson came along the street.

Horace said, "That ol' nigger has had one foot in the grave ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. You know, kids used to say he'd tote you off in that toe-sack if he could catch you."

"More likely he's got what little bit of somep'm to eat he can steal in it," Jed said, watching the old man as he limped slowly toward them. "I never heard of him doin' any work."

"Yeah. Well, he must be goin' to a funeral today. He's all dressed up."

"By God, that's my suit he's got on!" Jed cried.

He grabbed old Doc's shoulder and pitched him off the sidewalk. "Speak up! When did you steal my suit?"

"Lemme go, boss, please, suh. I ain't stole nothin'. Yo'—"

"When did you steal it, I say?" Jed's fingers dug into the bony old shoulder.

"I gives it back. Please turn me loose. Lemme tell—"

Jed shoved hard, and the Negro sprawled in the miry road. Jed drew his boot back for a kick, but Doc scrambled to his feet with monkeylike quickness and ran stiffly down the road.

White men's heads popped from every door along Main Street. Loafers drew near.

"What's up? What happened?"

"That —— —— nigger stole my suit—that's what happened." Jed's face was livid. He strode into the Auction office. In a moment he came out, strapping a holster around his waist. Down the road old Doc had run, Jed walked fast. Fifteen men strode after him.

Horace's shorter legs forced him to trot beside Jed. "Whatcha gonna do, Jed?" he asked tensely.

"I'm gonna take it outa his black hide, that's what!"

"The sheriff—you cain't do that sorta thing no more, Jed."

"You tell the sheriff t' stay outa my way. That nigger's been needin' a good hidin' for years."

One man licked his lips nervously and they all walked faster. Horace dropped back and ran to get the sheriff.

Jed turned into a muddy alley. A Negro woman hanging clothes on a line ran into her shanty. The door banged thinly. Three men leaped up on the low porch, pounded on the flimsy wall.

"Have you seen Doc Jackson?" Jed's voice was rough.

"Nawsuh, nawsuh," the woman's voice came breathlessly.

"You're lyin'," Jed snarled.

The men behind him stamped and shuffled restlessly. Jed leaped from the woman's porch and led the pack down the alley.

"Lyin' thieves," Jed growled, "all of 'em."

A little Negro boy stood up from making mud pies. Jed seized his shoulder.

"Where'd Doc Jackson go?"

The child screamed with all his might. From inside the house came a woman's high-pitched wail: "Lawd Jesus!"

Jed flung the child back into the midst of the steadily growing mob at his heels. His eyes were bloodshot. "Niggers lyin' to me. I'm gonna give 'em one more chance."

He jumped up on to a gallery, yanked at a doorknob. The lock ripped out of rotten wood and he flung open the door. A woman and a young boy were crouched in the far corner. Jed kicked them. "Where's Doc Jackson?"

"Us don't know, boss," the woman said.

Jed kicked again. The boy moaned and doubled over.

"He turn lef' jes' beyond the nex' house."

The mob streamed down the alley. They turned left. Two blocks ahead they saw old Doc shuffling along in a kind of a trot. A scream from one of the houses warned the old Negro. Sweat stood out on his head and his face turned spotty and gray. He fell, but still clung to his toe-sack. A broken bottle tore his knee. He ducked down another alley.

Jed raced after him. Doc dropped to the mud. He didn't get up. Jed stamped to a stop beside him and kicked furiously. Doc didn't even grunt.

"Dead," somebody said unbelievingly.

"Damn him!" Jed almost sobbed. "Damn him!" He kicked again. Boys at the back of the crowd began to throw pieces of brick at the houses around them.

Jed kicked open the sack. Dirty newspaper and pieces of tinfoil scattered. He tramped on them savagely.

Down the street the sheriff came with two deputies and Horace.

"Stop, in the name of the law!"

"Law, hell!" Jed screamed, his face yellow. "I'll show 'em—"

"Jed Whilkins, you're breakin' the law."

"What you gonna do about it?"

"You're under arrest."

Jed snatched his pistol from the holster. The shot went wild and Horace dropped. He fired again. The sheriff's knees slowly buckled. The deputies ran.

"Come on, men!" Jed yelled.

. . . . .

The bright red against the low-hanging clouds which had been Niggertown burning had dropped to a pale glow. Jed Whilkins was caked with mud, like the men around him. Blood was matted in his beard.

"Well, we cleaned 'em up," he said quietly.

"Yup." Jed had never seen the man who replied.

When he stepped up on his own gallery, the door opened at once and his wife came out.

"Jed!" She threw up her hands and her pretty young mouth dropped open. "What on earth! You look—What's happened?"

"Ain't you heard?"

"I heard somep'm over the phone about Niggertown burnin'—but you look like you been in a fight."

"We cleaned 'em out. We showed 'em."

"What did they do? How did it start?"

Jed drooped his head. "I—I remember. That black ape of a Doc Jackson. He started it. Stole my brown suit."

"That old thing? Oh, Jed, I gave it to him this morning!"

THE END

By JEANE LA GRONE SMITH

LIBERTY PRESENTS *ComErs*

BY ED SULLIVAN

GREEN GROWS—
other kid star of
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nd she's seventeen.
ollywood is their home
wn; they're graduates
the John Marshall
igh School, and their
ad operates a chain
restaurants. Add them
your list of starlets
rely destined to click.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Two short years ago, young John Falter (below) was one of scores of illustrators getting along in New York. Today he's tops, a recognized success, and soon he'll be a celebrity. "Falter" in name only! Just wait and see!

Why Polygamy Still Lives in the U. S. A.

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

POLYGAMY, as practiced in the West today, is a matter of faith. Its devotees are sincere. They will endure anything for their faith—prison, persecution, even death if need be.

They realize that the laws of the United States and the laws of the commonwealths in which they live make polygamy an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment. But any one of them will tell you the laws of God are more important than any laws made by men; and that the laws of God command a man to marry many women.

"Did not Almighty God command the prophets to marry many wives?" they will ask. "Did you never read the story of Hagar? The Bible is full of incidents relating to God's command that a man have several wives."

The polygamists of today are the sons of polygamous marriages. They were taught their ideas in their childhood. They were raised in an atmosphere that actually regarded the monogamist with scorn. Monogamists were hypocrites. They professed belief in the sacredness of marriage; yet they practiced birth control, they believed

I remember the sound of the lash on my mother's flesh, her screams of pain. No one was spared.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALBIN HENNING

☆ New light on a strange survival out of the past — Is this a faith that is stronger than the law?

in easy divorces. They filled the newspapers with scandal.

It would be impossible for any children reared as they were to be anything but polygamists. And there is this added thought to confirm their feeling: If polygamy was a sin, most of them were born in sin and shame. They were illegitimate. Their mothers were evil, and their fathers worse. Naturally, they cannot agree that polygamy was a sin. It was a state approved by God since earliest time. Therefore their fathers and mothers were saints, martyrs persecuted by their government and hounded by people of other ideas.

Most polygamists are otherwise well behaved citizens. They are honest, hard-working, thrifty people. They have made the desert places " rejoice, and blossom as the rose." The men are sturdy, keen-eyed, hospitable, courteous, jovial, sympathetic, zestful, and usually long-lived.

" Why shouldn't we live long? " one of them asked me. " We lead good lives. We neither smoke nor drink. We work hard. We dance and sing. And every so often we renew our youth by marrying another wife."

The women are strong, devoutly religious, shy with strangers. They are good cooks, splendid housekeepers, fine mothers. Most of them are good-looking. One might not think so, seeing them about the house. But let him attend a Friday-night dance, when they are dressed up and in their gayest mood, and he'll change his mind.

And the children—you can travel all over the world and find no prettier or healthier children, no boys and girls so generally polite and well behaved.

" They are, aside from their practice of polygamy," says E. Elmo Bollinger, " ideal citizens. For eight years I was one of the Supreme Court judges of Arizona. I heard thousands of criminal cases in that time; but I can recall only one polygamist coming before me on a criminal charge."

I traveled miles over the old trails that took the first polygamists into the West. I asked questions everywhere. Everywhere I got much the same answer. " They're not really bad people. A bit clannish, but that's to be expected. Hard to get them to talk. They want to be alone."

" The history of polygamy in the United States," Charles Kelly told me, " is most colorful and fascinating."

He got up, found a book, and placed it in my hands. It was called Holy Murder. Kelly and Hoffman Birney wrote it a few years ago. Skipping idly through the pages of this book, I happened to read the following:

" In 1930 the junior author sat in a lunchroom in a small hamlet. From the street came the patter of tiny hoofs, and four packed burros halted while their owners paused for a stirrup-cup of coffee.

" Beneath the lashropes of one pack was a long-barreled rifle; others bore picks and shovels and cooking-pots grimed by the smoke of countless campfires. The men's features were hidden by beards that had never known a barber's shears. They wore flat-crowned black hats; wide of brim, battered, stained. Their feet were thrust into flat-heeled, knee-high boots of home-tanned cowhide.

BEFORE that invasion the calendar turned backward to another era. The paved road without was a dusty trail, rutted by the wheels of emigrant wagons. The electric lights were home-dipped tallow candles, the table unpainted pine; the mercifully-silent radio was a bride's chest made in Nauvoo and stained by the flood-waters of the Platte and the Sweetwater and Black's Fork. Those men were anachronisms, resurrections of the leaders of the handcart migrations of 1856. Incautiously, the junior author spoke to that effect to the pretty waitress. She fairly slammed a plate of ice-cream upon the table.

" ' My great-grandmother pushed a handcart from Iowa to Salt Lake City,' she announced furiously. ' I'll have you to know that no finer people ever lived.' "

I read these paragraphs aloud.

" What's this about pushing handcarts? " I asked.

" Oh, they did," Kelly said. " They pushed handcarts, all right. Thousands of them.

" There's a wonderful story about that. An old man told it to me.

" People began coming from the East. Most every day long caravans of covered wagons would come winding over the mountains, sometimes with tales of Indian fights, or of the finding of gold in streams along the way, or of herds of buffaloes they had encountered.

" At one time fifteen hundred people started out without wagons, without horses or oxen or mules. The settlement was too poor to supply them with anything but handcarts.

" They dumped into these handcarts all their worldly possessions and set out to walk across half a continent. There were guides with them, bearded men on horseback, centaurs of the old West.

" Probably the old Santa Fe trail never saw a more curious or a more wistful picture than this band of men and women and children who walked their slow way west, singing hymns and shouting hallelujahs.

" Every little while the caravan had to stop and rest. The strongest men grew tired, pushing those loaded carts through sand and gravel. Men wearied fast. Women wearied of the children they carried in their arms and the bundles they bore on their backs. Children wearied of the steady march in the sun or the rain. They wearied, and their feet hurt because their shoes were of European make, with thin soles that wore out in no time.

" So they rested frequently, made fires, cooked their meals, said prayers, nursed their babies, wrote in their diaries, and went on.

" Often they remained two or three days in some pleasant spot on the banks of a stream, to cleanse themselves of grime, to patch up their clothes, to ease their bleeding, blistered feet, to renew their strength with leisure and their faith with hymns.

WINTER came on. Their provisions had almost given out. They had used up almost the last ounce of their strength. Their clothing was in rags and tatters. Their faith was at its lowest ebb.

" To their horror, they found the passes ahead of them choked with snow and ice. They could not go on. Neither could they go back—for there was deep snow on the trail behind.

" They camped there. They put themselves on strict rations. They built such shelters as they could—and the fierce winds tore them down. Many died of the cold, and of hunger, and of the diseases that ensued.

" The old man I'm telling you about told me all these things. He was a boy then, about six or seven. He had walked all the way from St. Louis, sometimes helping his father to push the cart up steep mountain trails, and to hold it back on the descent.

" ' My father,' he said, ' was a fine tall strong man; but that handcart that he pushed for so many days bent him out of shape, stooped him, sapped him, thinned him until he looked almost like a reed; toughened his hands until they felt like iron. He was one of the first to die. It wasn't the cold that killed him so much as hunger. He had been giving all his rations to mother and to us children.

" ' There he lay in the snow, dead and stiffening. My little sister died soon after my father, and we placed her by his side, her long red hair whipping in the bitter wind as though it were still alive.

" ' My mother wouldn't leave them, nor would I. We wanted to lie down with them, and stay there, close to them, until we died too.

" ' But one of the guides decided we must go on through the snow ahead, and we must go now, leaving our dead behind. We all rebelled, we pitiful wrecks who still had life in us—men and women and boys and girls.

" ' I remember how my mother screamed and clung to my father's body. I remember the sound of the horseman's whip as the thong whistled through the frosty air. I remember the sound of the lash on her flesh and her screams of pain. I remember the smart of the whip on my own legs, the flame that seared me.

" ' No one was spared. The whip fell everywhere, driving us to fury, forcing us up off our knees, driving us on through the snow, through the pass, and down.

" ' Five hundred dead we left behind us. And we left the handcarts there too, with all they contained, pots and pans we had brought across the sea, mattresses, blankets, dishes, silver and pewter ware, rugs, clocks, books, pic-

tures, tools, lamps, seeds — things priceless to us, and irreplaceable.

" ' A man on horseback came at me savagely, almost running me down. His horse's hoofs struck fire out of a frozen rock. The whip curled around my neck and almost flicked out an eye.

" ' " I'll kill you some day! " I cried. " Some day, when I'm grown up, I'll kill you, if I ever find you! "

" ' " Get along," he said. " Get along, all of you. We're going through."

" ' My mother put an arm around me, to comfort me and to shelter me from that cruel whip; and even as she did so, the whip fell again, and cut a gash in her cheek. " Yes," I swore, " sometime I'll surely kill you."

" ' I didn't meet that man again for years. I was grown then, and strong. I met him on the street, and I told him he must die.

" ' " All right, son," he said. " Go ahead, if you feel you must. I was pretty cruel, maybe. But then, I had to be. The whip was the only way. Don't you realize I saved your life, and your mother's, and the lives of all the others who survived? I don't doubt that whip stung and cut plenty, but it saved a thousand lives." ' "

Nobody said anything for a while; then Mrs. Kelly smiled and said, " Tell him about the prisoner and the culls."

" Oh, yes," Kelly said, laughing. " It was in the days when shiploads of women were being imported. When they got here, the youngest, prettiest, and strongest were snapped up at once. The richest and most influential men got them. The rest of the substantial citizens got the next pick. By the time hoi polloi got around to selecting wives, the shipload had been pretty well picked over and there were few bargains.

" The winnowing process went on until only the culls were left—the women nobody would take.

NOW, there was a governor who felt sorry for these unwanted ones. He knew they'd never get to heaven if no man married them.

" He felt that the situation called for desperate measures. He believed he could get some of the men in jail to take these women in holy wedlock. So he called in a prisoner who had been condemned to death, and offered him a full pardon and a lot of acres if he'd marry ten of these culls. The prisoner hesitated, looked at the culls, and shouted, ' Bring on your rope! ' "

Another man to whom I talked had only distrust of polygamists.

" I have a list of three hundred of them," he said, " some of them prominent men. They have from two to five wives apiece. It's a sort of hobby to get data on them, their wives, and children—and to keep it in my office files.

" There are any number who have legal wives, and spares scattered in New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, California, Arizona, and Nevada. Every so often they'll kiss the local wife good-by and ride the

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the way it's aged, something about the way it's flavored that makes it taste and smoke entirely different. Finest Kentucky Burley leaf tobacco, ripened in Nature's sunshine and cured in Nature's own way.

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Velvet

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circuit of the extra wives. There's a family waiting for them at every stop . . . and family problems to attend to."

He took a folder from one of his files and read some of the names.

"This man's a successful doctor, a wonderful surgeon," he commented. "He married two sisters. He got tired of his first wife, the older sister. He lives exclusively with the younger. He had two children by his first wife, none by the second. His second wife adopted the younger boy and raised him as her own.

"This fellow's a lawyer. He has two wives. One runs a newspaper in another state, is quite interested in politics, and dominates her community in many ways. He sees her every month.

"This chap has four wives. One of them is a schoolteacher, and most everybody thinks she's an old maid. She adopted her own son.

THIS man was a big politician. He posed as a monogamist all his life—but his obituaries name thirty-two of his children. There's a good story about his four widows. The legal widow has always been more or less of a marriage broker, getting wives for men who wanted them and husbands for women who couldn't get their own. When her husband died, the three other widows fell back on her for support. She stood it as long as she could, and then tried to do something about it. A friend of mine jokingly told her he'd like to take one of the widows off her hands, but he didn't think his wife would let him.

"That night the marriage-broker widow called up my friend's wife and tried to make her agree to let her husband have another wife. My friend didn't know anything about it until his wife—a bride of six months—met him with a carving knife in her hand. He swore then he'd remain strictly monogamous. No polygamy for him!

"How many polygamists do you suppose there are?" I interrupted.

"I couldn't say," he answered. "I have a list of three hundred or so in this city. There must be thousands altogether."

"Do you think the arrest and conviction of Price Johnson and Isaac Spencer will have any effect on polygamy as practiced today?" I asked him.

He shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't think so; unless it makes polygamists more careful, more discreet. Did you see what J. W. Musser's paper, Truth, had to say about Johnson and Spencer when they were released and came back to Short Creek? Read it."

It was the issue of December 1, 1936. It reads in part as follows:

"Arriving at their former home, Short Creek, the brethren were cordially greeted by neighbors and friends. A testimonial was tendered them on the following evening. The occasion was a gala affair and will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to participate. It was an oasis of good cheer in the midst of a desert of bigoted persecution. . . . It was made clear that while they intended doing all within human reason to uphold the laws of their state they made no surrender of principle. They rejoiced in the experiences accorded them while defending a holy principle of marriage."

That seemed to me a complete summing up of the situation.

From their point of view, the arrest and conviction of Johnson and Spencer was "bigoted persecution." Johnson and Spencer are martyrs. Polygamy is a holy principle of marriage. And, while they will "do all within human reason" to uphold the laws, polygamists will go on practicing polygamy until the skies fall.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The signor was a clever caricaturist, a church soloist when eleven, and supreme in his field. While playing the role of Punchinello, he burst a blood vessel. From the early photo to the right, can you name him?

2—The antonym of synonym is what?

3—Was a President of the United States ever half blind?

4—What is the sex of a chirping cricket?

5—Which lofty Washington structure, authorized in 1799, was not dedicated until 1885?

6—Can you name five carbohydrates?

7—When did cowboys infest Westchester County, New York?

8—Which Mother Goose character stole a youthful swine?

9—What afflicted Biblical character killed three thousand at a religious feast?

10—Which Supreme Court declared unconstitutional last year compulsory contributory employment insurance?

11—Are murderers electrocuted or hanged in Norway and Sweden?

12—What was Georges Clemenceau's nickname?

13—Creeping bent and red fescue are varieties of what?

14—Arbitrage means what in Wall Street?

15—Can you solve the riddle of the Sphinx of Thebes: What creature walks in the morning on four feet, at noon on two, at evening on three?

16—What "female college" was founded by a brewer in 1861?

17—Which state extends farthest north?

18—What domesticated male bird gives milk?

19—Who conducts the Connecticut Yankees?

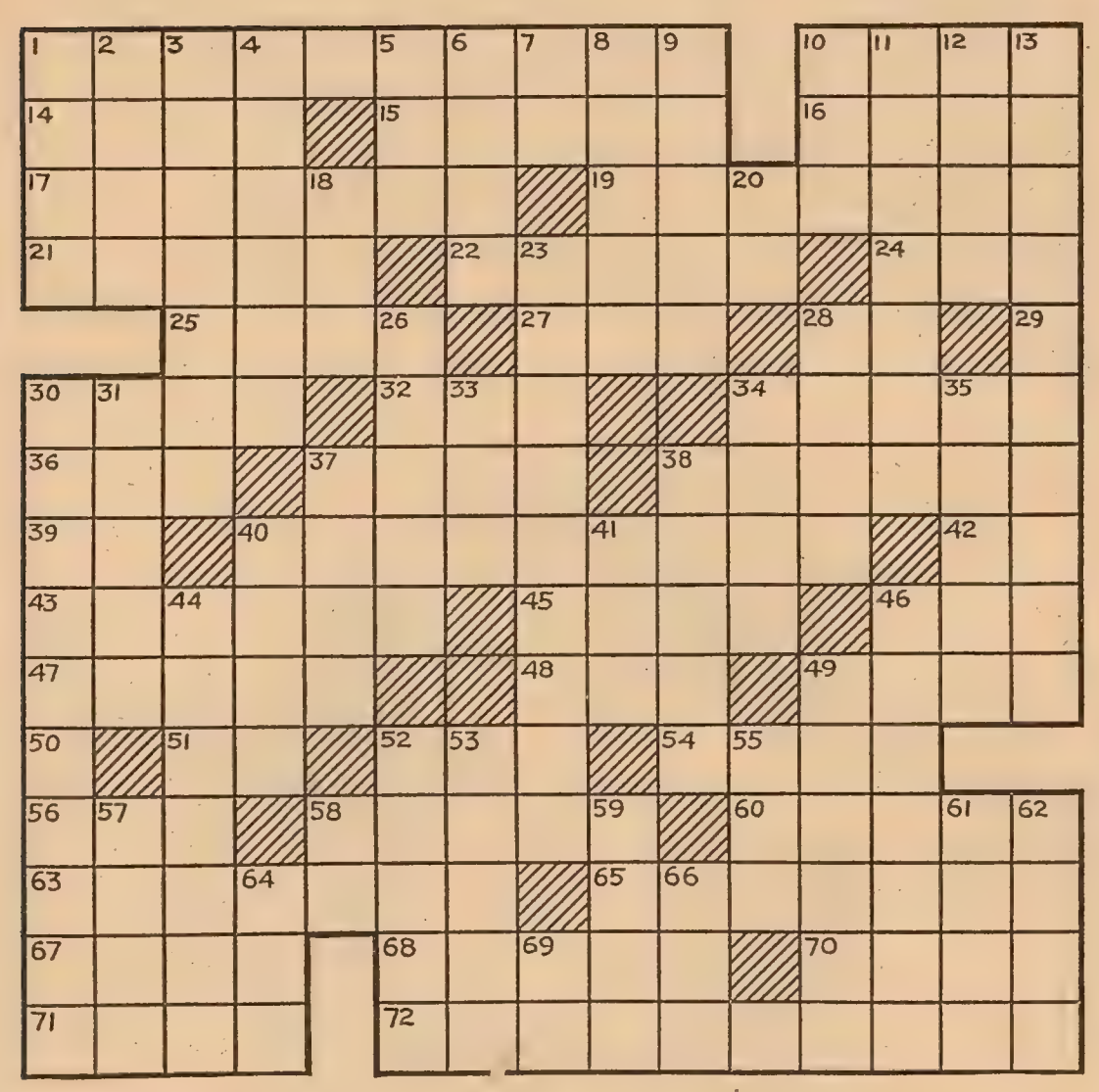
20—What actor starred in The Plainsman?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

Puzzle 68 5/22/37

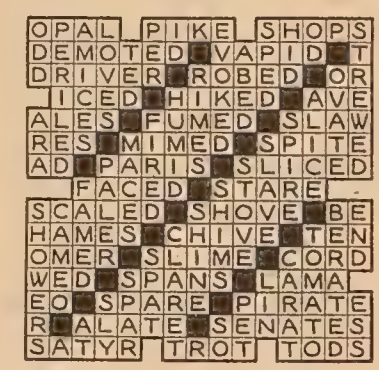
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Stand-up striker
10 Sharpshooter
14 A rib chop cut off in his prime
15 Common carrier in South America
16 Nom de plum
17 Minute particles
19 The most amazing thing I know
21 A gal in red pumps
22 Lots of plush in the chassis
24 Kind of hang that the poets get
25 It looks awfully red but is just a big cheese
27 Replenished the inner woman
28 Maxim's silencer
29 Short existence
30 Week-end turnovers
32 What they hang in place of the surrealists
34 Gal they saw at the Philharmonic and fiddle around with
36 Her man's
37 If you see sky after this it'll be awf'ly red
38 Mars' stepson (that nazi man!)
39 Ye Manne with Ye Bigge Blue Pencylle (abbr.)
40 Indian doghouses
42 Old-fashioned growl
43 Shirley Temple in heaven
45 Destination of many jumpers
46 Wild West woman
47 Discarded kings
48 Diamonds in the rough—guaranteed to warm a girl's heart
49 A pitcher of this is usually best on a hot day
50 A very personal pronoun
51 It stands firmly alone with Me.
52 The answer to this is a lot of bull
54 This is always bonnie
56 Ennui invariably ends this way



Answer to last week's puzzle

58 Heals holes in heels
60 African dominoes
63 Snappy Salacious Stories (no abbr.)
65 Golden apples
67 Department-store soccer (Sock her! Get it?)
68 Brahms's study
70 Squawks about the comics
71 What Kelly did on his nose
72 They have had a signal success in the army and Gracie Allen met a lot of them at Princeton

VERTICAL

1 First thing that was stolen by the Yankees from the Indians
2 Legal aid
3 Rakes
4 They're in the riskiest business in London
5 Letters of the law
6 Kind of ran, very disappointing
7 English for ja
8 Ant in fancy pants
9 The office boy's dream
10 Heard during the Lambs Gambol
11 Liquid nose rouge
12 Robert Taylor-made gadget
13 When tapped, it foams at the mouth (two words)
18 Natural Liars Association (abbr.)
20 Renegades and Republicans begin this way
23 Big concentration in the fight game
26 This is generally full of wind and fury
28 Strikes
30 Complication of I trouble; a big front
31 General stooges; military yes-men
33 The bird X-word puzzlers get
34 Destroy this and destroy drinking (it clings to the men)
35 What marriage makes coupé necking
37 Spinning machines operated by child labor
38 Progressed by leg, not by thumb
40 Fancy market
41 Kangaroo's coupé
44 What Italian doughboys knead
46 Ten-per-center
49 Wild Mania
52 Big clubs
53 Blow out the gas
55 Old Cockeyed Addicts (abbr.)
57 The range every Russian woman knows
58 This is shorter than short division
59 This should be served following a meal of ice cream and lobster
61 Pushface the goggle-eyed was one
62 Hisses, all hisses
64 Here's a fellow you'll have to look up to to get
66 What you get from headlines
69 Is this good!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Whitewashed Lady

DIANA KILDARE, left nearly penniless by the death of her father on whose gambling ship she has been hostess, sells her too-elaborate clothes and jewels to pay for a year at a fashionable school where she can learn to act and be like other girls of nineteen. She is bent on changing the pattern of her life, putting her past completely behind her.

In this past are Guido Ferrone, sleek underworld king and backer of the gambling ship, who wants Diana to stay with him; and Spike Gillis, henchman of the gambler Pete Galeffi, who urges her to be hostess at Galeffi's club. Diana turns them both down. Ferrone, who is in love with her, tells her to go, but warns her that he will try to get her back.

Diana's choice of a school is influenced by her love for Dick Norton, a wealthy young man whom she has met only once for a moment at the Shalimar, a tawdry demimonde restaurant. As Diana Fenmore, she enters Miss Hunter's School because Dick's sister Elsie and his cousin Sally go there. Led by Sally, the girls snub Diana, but she finally makes friends with Elsie and is invited to the Norton home.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Waiting for Dick to come home to escort her to a dance at Sally's, Diana chats with Steven Norton, Dick's father. He confides that he is worried about his son, who is away from home a good deal and who seems to keep strange company. During the conversation Diana notices a painting of Mrs. Norton, who is separated from her husband. To her dismay, she recognizes her as a woman she has met in Florida. Her fears that her real identity may be discovered, however, are dispelled by her joy at Dick's arrival. But this joy is soon succeeded by disappointment at his cynical attitude toward her—an attitude prompted, she realizes, by his belief that she belonged among the light ladies of the Shalimar.

Just before dinner the butler announces that a visitor is waiting to see Dick. Elsie immediately assumes that he is the extra man her brother promised to bring for the dance, nd greets him effusively. But Diana stands speechless with rror. For the man who has sauntered into the room and addressed Dick Norton so familiarly is none other than the broken-nosed gangster, Spike Gillis!

PART FOUR—A NIGHT OF LOST ILLUSIONS

SPIKE had seen Diana before Elsie got to her. His eyelids flickered longer this time, but otherwise he stood like an animal frozen to the task of blending his own protective coloring into the scenery that surrounded him.

"Miss—Fenmore," he said. "Did I get the name?"

"You got it," said Diana.

"Times haven't changed since my day," said Steven. "Family dinners were as great a bore then as now, with the young men looking just as bleakly miserable and funereal over being dragged to the dance afterward.

Now, excitingly, mystery and peril cross love's path in this vivid novel of a gambler's daughter in society

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

"Just what I need," Dick said. "Stoop's keys." "Where are you going?" Diana asked.

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

Shall we all make the best of it and go in to dinner?"

Try as she might, Diana could never afterward remember any detail of that dinner except Spike Gillis's face while Elsie, in her attempts to lure him, described her prowess on the school basketball team.

She didn't look at Dick, but from his silence—while Steven, between them, did most of the talking—she suspected that Gillis's appearance had been as unwelcome to him as it was to her. Although for what reason, she was free to surmise, and did, between the intervals of blind terror when Gillis looked across the table at her with no altering of the phonily polite expression that he was bending to Elsie's burbles.

IN vain she tried to fortify herself with the thought that she had as much on Gillis as he had on her. After all, she told herself, he wouldn't want this crowd to know what she knew about him: that he was a lieutenant for one of New York's most notorious racketeers . . . Or did Dick know it already? Because Gillis acted so sure of himself. Sure that she would not talk; sure that he had the entire situation under control.

What was the man's connection with Dick? How did Spike Gillis tie up to the mystery of why Dick was at the Shalimar that day; and to his father's uneasiness over the type of friends Dick had been seeing lately? She felt that she was in a nightmare which had begun before Spike Gillis came on the scene; had begun really when Dick looked only as far as the tip of her nose, instead of to her eyes.

In the music room, over the coffee and liqueurs, Diana began to pull herself together. There were elements of humor in Elsie's attempts to score with the first non-Rivington man who had ever been exposed to her. She dragged him to the piano, asking soulfully if he didn't just crave Debussy, and was undaunted by Gillis's response: "Is he a crooner?"

"Aren't you a wag!" she cried. "I'll play you his Submerged Cathedral; you know, it means a cathedral drowned under the sea. I often feel like that, don't you, with bells coming up faintly to the surface?"

"Well," said Gillis doubtfully, "if I may say so, only after drinking beer."

Diana could not help giggling hysterically at this and looking at Dick. But Dick was looking at Gillis with a fixed expression which the other man, standing by Elsie's side at the piano, met with a bland face and upraised eyebrows. Dick moved his head slightly and turned and went out of one of the French windows to the veranda. Gillis followed him at once, leaving Elsie playing in blithe oblivion that she no longer had an audience. Steven, by the fireplace, looked at Diana and spread out his hands.

"Now do you see what I mean about Dick and his friends?" he said in a low tone.

But the voice of Briggs, which was getting to be the evening's obbligato, was once more intoning from the door: "Mr. Norton, Mrs. Trevelyan is in her car outside, sir."

Steven shook himself and consulted his watch. "To be sure, Briggs," he said. "Will you tell her I'll be there at once." Apologetically he turned to Diana. "It's Lila Trevelyan," he said. "Sally's mother. My wife's sister, you know. I promised to take her in town tonight so she could escape Sally's dance."

Diana was so surprised that she stammered, "Sally's mother—going off when there's a dance at her house? I mean—in books there's always chaperons!"

He smiled. "There will be chaperons. It's just that Lila doesn't like to be one. She was once very beautiful, you see. Like her sister—"

His glance went to the portrait over the mantel as it had done before that evening. Diana, watching him, thought: So you're still in love with your wife. So you take her spoiled sister around instead of meeting new women you might forget her with; instead of learning how to get to know your children. . . .

Elsie was still playing to what she did not know was her imaginary audience. Steven said he didn't think he'd interrupt anything to say good night. He smiled at Diana. "I like you very much," he said. "Remember—you've promised to tell me what you think about it all tomorrow!"

"If it will help, I said," she told him. "And—if it helps any for me to tell you—I like you too."

The lines on his forehead smoothed out as they had done when she had told him he couldn't be more than forty-three. "It helps—quite a lot," he said. He took her hand and kissed it. "Good night, Lady Diana!" he said, and went away down the long room, not quite so jerkily as usual.

She looked after him, holding her hand out gingerly in front of her as she had held it for him. The one person who had been kind to her since she came to Lilliput. Why couldn't it have been Dick?

She came up behind Dick and Gillis on the veranda without speaking to warn them of her approach. She was thinking too hard about how Dick wouldn't have kissed her hand like that now, although he would have at first at the Shalimar—before Honey Dacey had arrived. How could she ever bring them both back to that place? But in the midst of her fierce wishing, where she could cling only to that moment before dinner when he had looked at her across Steven, for once without his mask of sardonic composure, she heard some words from the veranda that arrested her. She came to a swift silent halt in front of one of the outflung French windows which, with its sheltering curtains, concealed her from the two figures facing each other outside, as the raised piano top hid her from Elsie inside, who had just announced to an empty room that she was going to play Chopin's Raindrop prelude.

"But what are they after you for?" Dick was saying. "I don't understand."

"I don't blame you," Spike Gillis's voice came smoothly. "That Moran mob does things without rhyme or reason, is what I always say. To bump off one of their own low-life members among themselves and put the finger on me for it just because the Morans and the Galeffis are not getting along so good is typical of what I call the harum-scarum way they go about things; but when they started coming after me was no time to argue."

"Who," said Dick, "of the Morans was killed?"

"I hardly know," said Spike, "and it is not important. The thing is they came after me for it, and I got the tip-off at Pete's Post Road place, where I'd just arrived for the evening. I dusted quick, but I was pretty sure they'd find me if I kept on to the city, so it seemed best to stop somewhere for a while, and I thought of you as one place they'd never look. And a swell society dance is another place they'd certainly never look for me in, but I'm sorry if you're sore about it."

"I'm not sore," said Dick. "You just get on my nerves a little, Spike, but you don't seem to on Elsie's. You say you didn't have anything to do with this—killing?"

"When you are in the organization a little longer," said Spike, "you will realize that after things have happened, people don't ask questions but attend strictly to their jobs at hand, and your job at hand tonight is to cover me. I only regret, as any gentleman would, that your sister has rung herself in on it."

"So long as we have 'rung ourselves in on it' we'll see it through," said Dick. "But you had better understand, Spike—and I'm going to see Pete Galeffi does—that I am not in your organization for any one's whims but my own."

"I THINK you'll find that an organization means even its amateurs must play ball," said Spike; "but I am too busy with my own worries to argue right now. Which brings up another point. What do you know about that dame that's here tonight—the one who's in school with your sister and says her name is Fenmore?"

Diana, who had been leaning weakly against the window frame, stiffened. Wildly she wished she could run out on the veranda, giving any pretext for interrupting. But Dick was answering Gillis in a cold closed voice.

"We won't discuss Miss Fenmore. Except that I was going to tell you—you'd better not try to dance with her tonight."

"Oh, so that's how it is," said Spike. "I just wondered if you knew anything about her, that's all."

"Another crack like that," said Dick, "and you'll be definitely out of favor with me, instead of indefinitely, as you are already. Let's go in, shall we? This conversation is getting dull around the edges."

Diana had just time to slip away from her hiding place and back into the room. Elsie was winding up her sprightly rendition of Chopin's sentimental prelude, and pushed her head over the raised top of the grand piano to view triumphantly the three whom she imagined had been listening to her all the time: Diana, who was seated by a table looking at a book which Elsie couldn't see was upside down; and Dick and Gillis, who were standing by the French windows ignoring each other.

"Oh, dear, you three look awfully bored. Was my playing as bad as that?" she cried. "Let us on to the dance and rougher joys!"

Dick took Diana in his car, which was built like a greyhound and had, he regretted, no back seat in the rumble; so Gillis and Elsie had to follow in Elsie's ramshackle machine. Riding beside Dick, Diana was silent, and Dick also did not speak for a long time. He had, she could imagine, enough problems to think about.

What did it all mean?

ONE thing only was clear to her. By some means she had yet to find out, Dick had become so involved in Pete Galeffi's outfit that he had to protect Gillis now.

This explained why Dick had been at the Shalimar, and all the other mysterious things about him that had vaguely disquieted his vague father and had made Elsie and Sally follow him on that day when Diana had first seen them all and only Dick had seen her. For some reason Dick had been deliberately striving to enter the world that she had been doing her best to leave behind.

It was so appalling a thought that she had no room left to be frightened any longer over what Spike Gillis might say about her, no room to be thankful that Dick had, for the moment, shut him up. It was ironical to remember now that she had hoped she would be disillusioned in Dick, rather than have the pain of his being disappointed in her. There could be no worse pain than this, which had begun even before Spike's appearance, when they had been left alone together and Dick had looked at her with that casual rakish glance. She had thought then, I can't bear this—to have him look at me like Guido, before she'd known how much more like Guido he was than she could have dreamed.

An exciting-looking girl, that's all she was to him now; he had told her in so many words. He had been so sure she'd be glad to get even that much from him that he had dared to tell her; and she had taken it. That was the worst—to have him right in knowing she would take it.

When the ride was almost over he turned to her, smiling perfunctorily and then more keenly as it was evident that her face brought her back to him. "We've been interrupted, haven't we?" he said.

"What's it all about?" she said. "I wish you'd tell me!"

Now it was out in spite of her. But he smiled carelessly back at her sober face. "I haven't asked you to tell me anything," he said. "Can't we leave it at that and go on from there?"

They had slid into a driveway and come to a stop before a conical-shaped buff house around which there quivered, like the vibrations of a spinning top, gay strains from an orchestra inside. He inclined his head toward the promising sounds.

"The first time I've ever come to one of these kid dances," he said. "Isn't that enough for us to go on with—for the moment?"

"Not for me!" she cried stormily. "Not for me!"

She pushed open the car door on her side. She was trembling with fury and too many things held in too long. "I think you're the most conceited man I've ever seen in my life!" she cried. "You can go on with that—or stop—I don't care which!"

She ran up the walk, not waiting for him, or for Elsie and Gillis, who had stopped in back of Dick. A butler opened the door and she shot into Sally's hall with almost the speed of a human projectile.

There were no girls in sight, but a group of boys were gathered by the wide white stairway. They had all turned at her explosive entrance and there was a little silence after the door banged, in which, by the subtle chemistry of leers and throat scrapings, she became

aware that the boys liked her looks and were preparing to do something about it.

"My goodness!" said a boy who wore spectacles over a moon face and a nice voice. "It's Little Bopeep who's lost her sheep."

"Oh, no, I haven't," she said. "You're all here, aren't you?"

There was a pause of appreciation and then delighted laughter. A few minutes later, when she saw Dick come on the dance floor, the moon-faced boy was reluctantly giving her up to two youths who were disputing over which had cut in first. The other boys who had been loitering in the hall had flocked in after her and formed a stag line, each member of which was waiting to take his turn like the sheep she had called them; while Sally and the other Jolly Jelly Beans revolved monotonously in the arms of whatever young men they had been stuck with since Diana came on the floor.

It was a wonderful revenge upon the girls who had laughed at her or ignored her in school. They couldn't ignore her now, and they didn't seem to feel like laughing any more. But she was unable to enjoy the steely looks cast her way. She was watching Dick, who, after one swift glance at her, had stood back quietly against the wall of Sally's spacious dance room and remained there, not looking at her again, grinning lazily at the couples who shouted greetings to him as they revolved past.

Elsie was having a fine time with Spike Gillis, who danced like a gigolo and was looking like it too with his slicked hair and languorously narrowed eyes. He was drawing a number of curious glances. Diana even heard somebody say, "Where did she rent him?" as they whirled past; but Elsie didn't hear, and was about the only pleased-looking girl on the floor.

AT intervals Diana looked for the chaperons that Steven had told her would be there. She also wondered, as much as her general misery allowed her to wonder, how the customs of this social world to which she had aspired could allow one girl at a party to have all the men dancing with her in turn, while the other girls were left stranded indefinitely. It wasn't her ideal of the courtesy and charm which she had expected to find among our best people. But nothing, after all, was turning out to be like that ideal.

After about an hour of this situation, with no signs of abating from the Diana Club, Sally evidently decided to vary things a bit, and blew a whistle which stopped the orchestra. They were going to play a game, she announced, a sort of musical "going to Jerusalem."

Some young men, under Sally's direction, were stacking a line of chairs down the middle of the big room, one chair facing front and one back, all the way. Instead of marching around the chairs, Sally proclaimed, they would all dance around them. When

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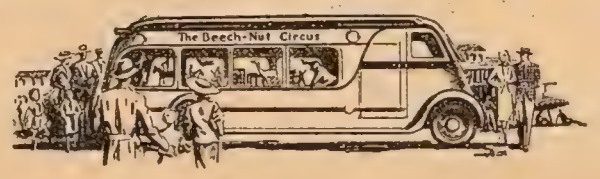

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she blew the whistle and the music stopped, there'd be a chair for each couple and one couple left over. Each time a couple was thus eliminated they must pay a forfeit, said forfeit being to disappear from the room. . . . As the idea began to percolate, some scattered cheers went up and the music started with a bang. The orchestra played Miss Genia Jones, an old nursery ditty, and the dancers, starting to whirl once more, shouted the words at each other:

We've come to see Miss Genia Jones;
And how is she today?

The music stopped and the couples rushed for the chairs, piling up in each other's laps. Diana, who was with the moon-faced boy, had not realized that the point of having only one chair for each couple was to sit in the lap of one's partner. She was obscurely outraged to make the discovery, and came to an abrupt halt while her partner, safe on his chair, shouted to her to hurry. She didn't move, and Sally blew the whistle again, shrieking, "Diana's last!" with considerable satisfaction.

"You and Stoopy have to disappear," said Sally sweetly. "Of course there'll be others joining you as other couples get eliminated—that is, unless you hide, which for some is the whole purpose of this game!"

A masculine chorus of groans greeted this suggestion. Sally looked maliciously pleased with the unexpected luck of getting Diana off the floor at once for at least a little while. Reluctantly Diana allowed Stoopy to guide her from the room.

Stoopy was jubilant. He wanted, he said, to conduct her on a little sight-seeing party. "I've seen all of this party I want to," she told him. "Oh, no, you haven't," he told her. "You haven't met our chaperons!"

He took her out through the dining room, where a small group dallied over a punch bowl, and opened a door that led to the butler's pantry. Two handsome women were sitting on the edge of the sink and swinging their carefully dieted legs while they drank straight rye from a loving cup that two young men were sharing with them.

"Miss Fenmore, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Riddle," said Stoopy. "We think the punch is tame too."

Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Riddle nodded to Diana as if she were several people. "So lovely to hear the old nursery songs like Genia Jones, isn't it?" said Mrs. Fish.

"One can see," said Mrs. Riddle, "that the young people are returning to simpler days."

Without warning, Mrs. Fish began to sing and Mrs. Riddle strung along in plaintive thirds:

"The chambermaid came to my door.
'Get up, you lazy sinner.
We need them sheets for tablecloths,
And it's almost time for dinner.'"

Stoopy was drinking from the rye loving cup and enjoying Diana's expression. One of the young men sat beside Mrs. Riddle and put his arm around her and said, "Let's get out of here."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Riddle. "I've had better men than you."

"If they hadn't been better," said the young man, "how would I learn anything?"

WHAT a charming invitation to romance!" hiccuped Mrs. Fish.

"No cracks out of you," said Mrs. Riddle. "You want him yourself."

"Was reading about that, the other day," blerped Mrs. Fish. "Sign of a decadent civilization, it said, when women our age begin to fight over boys like this!"

Smack! Mrs. Riddle hit Mrs. Fish smartly on the chin. Mrs. Fish seized the loving cup and emptied it over the front of Mrs. Riddle's dress. In the ensuing squall, with the two young men surging helplessly between the ladies, Diana fled. Through her haste she chose the wrong door and landed in a small pink overstuffed parlor the occupants of which were seemingly expecting no callers. With Stoopy rallying after her, she ran on past the man and girl on the sofa, who had hardly bothered to stir at her entrance.

The next room was a library where there were two couples not reading books. In the hall a couple just eliminated by the going-to-Jerusalem game were wandering entwined, bewailing that there was nowhere left to go, since all the best rooms upstairs were now taken. Diana fled on past them, outdoors, to the row of cars on the snowy drive, and jumped into Dick's before she realized that he had taken the keys. Stoopy got in after her and banged the door, saying, "Now *that's* what I call a gal with ideas!" and put his arm around her.

"Let me go!" she said sharply.

Stoopy laughed fondly. She could tell by the way the laugh billowed toward her nostrils, even through this frosty air, that he must have been drinking quite a bit even before he dipped into that loving cup.

"What did you come out here for," he inquired, "if you wanted to be let go of? Trouble with you is, you need a little warming up."

With his right hand he started to fumble at the bosom of her dress

IT was like a clot of ink landing at the base of her brain and spreading, the dark crazy terror that engulfed her. She had no strength left to struggle; she knew that, instead, in another minute she was going to faint. But all at once, before she slid all the way down in the car, she heard a queer pulpy sound and then Stoopy's hand fell away. Stoopy was sliding down instead of her and Dick was by the side of the car, dusting off his hands.

"Came out for a smoke and heard you call," he said. "How does it feel to be fought over? No different, I suppose, from your triumph on the dance floor inside."

She pulled her dress together in front. Stoopy was in a heap on the car floor, breathing heavily. "A pass-out rather than a knockout, I should say," Dick observed with scientific regret. He bent over Stoopy and shook him. Stoopy sighed, and something jangled from his pockets. Dick picked it up.

"Just what I need," he said. "Stoopy's car keys. He'll never miss them. Here are mine. You can get one of your many new admirers to take you home in my car when you're ready to go."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"The only thing I know about us," he said, "is that I'll never lie to you. I'm going out to Pete Galeffi's joint on the Post Road and sit in on a few games. One meets a better class of people."

"You'd do that," she said, "and leave your sister here with Spike Gillis—and me with Stoopy?"

"She wants Spike Gillis," he said. "She's having a swell time. And you—you want all this too. You want it—and I never have wanted it, you see—I was a fool to think we might get along. So I'm going to Galeffi's, Diana, where anyway people aren't so phony as I've always found them to be in Steven Norton's stuffed-shirt world that you seem to be running to—as fast as I'm running away from it. . . ."

In a small voice she said, "How did you know—that I was—running toward—a stuffed-shirt world?"

"If I couldn't know a phony when I saw one—after being one myself for so long—" he said. "I thought you were beautiful enough so it wouldn't matter that we were going in opposite directions. But you didn't like that either, did you? You knew I was holding back something. So go on in to the dance, beautiful Diana, and find some nice dumb stuffed-shirt fellow who won't ever guess how phony you are. That's all you really want, and not a bum who's on his way to Pete Galeffi's!"

"If you're on your way," she cried, "why don't you get gone?"

She hadn't thought that he would. But he did, without another word, and she sat still in the cold car until she heard wheels go away down the drive.

Stoopy was snoring now. Numbly she thought she must get some one to take him in. She got out of the car and started slowly up the drive toward the cone-shaped house standing like a musical spheroid surrounded with fir trees under the moon. As she reached the front door, it opened, and Spike Gillis bowed to her on the threshold.

"Been looking for you," he said. "It's time we had a talk, Miss Kildare, don't you think?"

She came inside and he followed her. There was no

one in the hall. It was like holding a bad hand at cards, how she mustn't let him know she was afraid. She looked at him and said, "What have we to talk about?"

Approaching laughter warned them that some people were coming from the dancing room. Spike jerked his thumb. She followed the thumb and he followed her to a tiny reception room which opened from the hall. Furnished only with two stiff little gold chairs and a console, it was not in danger of invasion by straying couples.

"No one can say I do not come to the point quick," said Spike. "How much is it worth to you for me to keep still to Dick Norton?"

"Even if it was—worth anything," she said with stiff lips, "I haven't any money."

"Expect me to believe that," said Spike, "when you're at one of the toniest girls' schools in the country? You can find some money. You could even get it from Dick. You've got that baby hooked—if I don't talk."

"He—got off the line," she said, "some time ago, without your assistance. You couldn't tell him anything about me he doesn't know."

"All he knows about you," said Spike, "is that you don't belong in this crowd. He likes that. He wouldn't like the rest. Nor would those other swells in there like it much. So you see I can queer your whole game—unless you treat me right!"

His face looked as dapper and chatty as it had done on the day he had come aboard the Diana and asked her to be hostess for Pete Galeffi's New York gambling house and Guido had thrown him overboard. . . . She stood looking at him helplessly while she thought how funny it was that it should be this man who had seen her once who should be threatening the entire edifice of her new life, rather than Guido, who had warned her he'd follow her.

She had felt confident that somehow she could manage Guido. She knew the chinks in his armor and that she was one of them. But she had no such feeling about Spike Gillis. Spike who, by his own tacit confession in the talk she had overheard, had not stopped at murder.

She had nothing she could fight Spike Gillis with in money or in threats. And a man who had brazened his way into the Nortons' that evening as he had done was perfectly capable of going back to the party and telling them all about her as he threatened to do. It wouldn't make any difference to him that his story would involve himself. He wasn't trying to join their world. They might even consider that the lieutenant of a notorious racketeer was an amusing addition to a party, as long as he stayed in his own place as a curiosity. But not a girl who wanted to be one of them.

"How much longer," said Spike, "are you going to stand there and think?"

But even while he spoke his expression changed. His head looked suddenly flat, like a serpent's narrowing for danger. He turned, in one lightning step getting out of the line of vision of the window that fronted the driveway, before she heard the car wheels approaching that he had heard first.

"Look out there," he said. "Tell me who's coming."

The room went dark around her before she stepped to the window. "It's a police car," she whispered.

She could hear him slide open the window that opened on the side of the house away from the drive. "Listen," his voice came through the dark. "I'm going to skirt the driveway back of those fir trees down to Dick's car and get in the rumble and shut it up over me. After they leave, you get in that car without looking at the rumble and drive it out to Pete Galeffi's on the Post Road. That makes us square. But if you squeal—I'll get you in so deep you'll never get out!"

When the front door opened to the men in blue uniforms she was in the hall waiting for them, and remembering that Stoopy was still in a snoring heap on the floor of Dick's car.

Spike's silence at the price of shielding a confessed murderer, with the police already at his heels! Is the risk too great for Diana to take to keep her secret? Next week's installment of this fast-moving serial will tell how she meets her dilemma.

VERY LITTLE TO DO THIS TIME – YOU MUST BE USING LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Possibly it is a coincidence that at regular "check-up" periods, systematic users of Listerine Tooth Paste present exceptionally sound and healthy teeth.

That is to be expected; while Listerine Tooth Paste cleanses thoroughly, it also cleanses gently and safely.

You may wish to make a mental note of this fact: Teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of ten years with Listerine Tooth Paste, show precious enamel to be absolutely unharmed. Not so much as the slightest mar or scratch.

Not all tooth pastes are so thorough and yet so safe. Choose yours with care.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

NEW TYPE
TOOTH POWDER
Soapless!
Omitting soap permits use of finer, more thorough cleansers 25¢ and 40¢

MORE THAN 1/4 POUND
OF TOOTH PASTE IN
THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE
40¢
Regular Size Tube
25¢

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

SPORT is a girl's best cure for self-consciousness. . . . Play tennis or golf if you aren't naturally graceful with your feet and hands. . . . Brisk walking can help a lot, too. . . . Keep yourself active enough, and you'll forget to be self-conscious. . . . Self-conscious girls are usually awkward girls, and awkward girls are nearly always lazy. Don't be lazy if you don't want to be self-conscious.

These wisdoms come to you through a talk I've just had with Angna Enters, internationally famous dancer, dramatic entertainer, pictorial artist, young lady extraordinary. Her name, Angna, should be pronounced with a soft accent, like the word ling-erie.

Angna entered the theatrical profession through a door of her own making. Had worked for an advertising agency, and studied art at night school. Believed her new dance ideas were good enough to present, so she saved up and hired a theater with her own money. Miraculous result—her very first performance *paid.* Since then her career has been spectacularly successful everywhere—except when she acquired a Spanish villa in which to take a nice long rest.

The civil war broke out in Spain almost immediately.

Angna's villa was promptly bombed to bits.

"Resting," she says, "seems to be an unlucky venture for me."

She has jet-black hair, is sentimental about souvenirs, and loves crazy hats.

ANGNA ENTERS

● Eight young bachelors have arranged a competent design for living. They share the expenses of a large attractive apartment, and hire two good servants to run the place. The only flaw in their scheme is that it works too well. Girls see how nicely they know how to live, and marry them forthwith. They are continually obliged to recruit another bachelor. "With eight of us here," one of them said, "it is perfectly proper for a girl to come in and look at our etchings. She's never *alone* in a *man's rooms.* But it's awful easy to get engaged to a girl who spends her evenings sitting around in your house."

● *This summer we'll wear:* Knitted belts of bright-colored wool or silk with our print dresses. . . . A broad cummerbund in emerald green with our black tailored suit and white organdy blouses. . . . Tailored jackets of pale-blue linen over sheer black dresses. . . . Over navy chiffon we'll wear short sleeveless coats of natural shantung embroidered with lots of vivid flowers. . . . Honey beige will be the smart shade for underthings. . . . Newest ornaments for the neckline are big three-inch clips made of composition flowers clustered together and edged all around with stiffly pleated lace. *Quaint,* I guess.

● In response to a recent item on this page, letters from everywhere bring kind advice for women who are attempting the difficult work of selling things from door to door. A Canadian reader acclaims the effectiveness of inexpensive house dresses as a door-to-door line. A Los Angeles lady recommends Vash Young's book, The Go-Giver, for practical lessons in this type of salesmanship. From Nebraska comes the suggestion that ten-cent articles for kitchen use are the most advantageous sellers. I can't evaluate these hints—don't know enough about the selling business. I'll just pass them on to you for what they may be worth.

● True story of good will between the people of Cuba and a small boy from New York:

Eight years old, he has been vacationing at a Havana hotel with his mother and grandmother. Overheard grandma say she couldn't eat her breakfast eggs because they weren't strictly fresh, so without a word he adventured forth in search of fresh eggs for her. He knew no Spanish, and the Havana groceryman spoke no English, but that didn't balk our young egg hunter. He drew pictures of eggs; was offered onions, oranges, potatoes. He flapped his arms and crowed, and a chicken was brought to him. By this time his performance had attracted a large crowd of excited market folk, all eager to help. Inspired at last, the little boy squatted down, clucked like a hen, dropped a potato behind him. The crowd gave a joyous shout of understanding, a big bag of fresh eggs was handed to the boy, and the groceryman positively refused to take his money.

Perhaps we'd be wise if we put children in charge of all our international confabs.

● Are you going to build a house? If so, you'll find useful advice in Frazier Forman Peters's new book, Without Benefit of Architect. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

● Many experienced hostesses believe that a fruit sherbet or water ice (same thing) is the best possible dessert with which to conclude a rather elaborate dinner party. I think so too, but suggest the addition of some liqueur cordial to make the dessert more partyfied. One tablespoon of benedictine or kirsch stirred into each portion of sherbet will give it a fine festive taste. Lemon ice is the best to use, and it must be served immediately after adding the liqueur. With rum, the lemon sherbet becomes Roman punch, a famous delicacy, excellent for summer dinners.

Gaston B. Means—
MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THE inside story of the mysterious death of Jess Smith, as confessed by Gaston Means to Mrs. Thacker in last week's installment, struck a new high of fiendishness in the career of the archcriminal now in federal prison for the $104,000 hoax of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean.

Means admitted he and another prominent member of the "Ohio Gang" plotted and killed Smith because the dapper accountant was about to make good his threats to show Mrs. Warren G. Harding his secret records—damning evidence of the gang's illicit dealings in political graft. Means obtained those reports when Smith was murdered, he said. Smith had them concealed in a leather shoulder harness which he wore.

Boastfully Means recounted the macabre events of that fatal night of May 29, 1923. He told how he and his companion in murder, peering through a window of the Wardman Park Hotel, watched Smith, alone in the apartment of Means' accomplice, drink poisoned liquor left temptingly within reach. He next described how they dragged the dying victim to the apartment he shared with Harry Daugherty, who was spending the night at the White House. There, Means said, Smith died from the effects of the poison. The terrified accomplice left. Means then propped Smith's body to a sitting posture and shot him through the head, using a rifle equipped with a Maxim silencer. Then, he told Mrs. Thacker, he planted Smith's pistol, with a discharged cartridge in it, beside the body, to give the appearance of suicide—a verdict that went uncontested. There was no autopsy.

Concluding his grisly story, Means asked Mrs. Thacker if there was anything more he could tell about Jess Smith's death.

"Who was the friend," Mrs. Thacker asked, "the host, in whose apartment Jess Smith drank that poisoned liquor?"

PART SIX—"THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER"

GASTON MEANS' mouth curled and he smiled at me wryly. He shook his big head.

"Oh, no," he said. "You don't catch me confessing some one else's sins—for you or anybody else."

"Did you really feel greatly concerned over Jess Smith's treason?" I asked.

Gaston Means smiled blandly.

"I can't say that I lost too much sleep over that," he admitted candidly. "Jess Smith was a menace, an obstacle to me. People mean nothing to me—except as I can use them. Senators, congressmen, millionaires, preachers—they're all like chessmen on a board. I move them around as I please, to serve me.

"If they get in the way—well, some have been removed from the board. I may lose a move, but only temporarily. Harry Daugherty threw me out of a job. I didn't forget that. I settled accounts with him. Sooner or later, I square things with all of them.

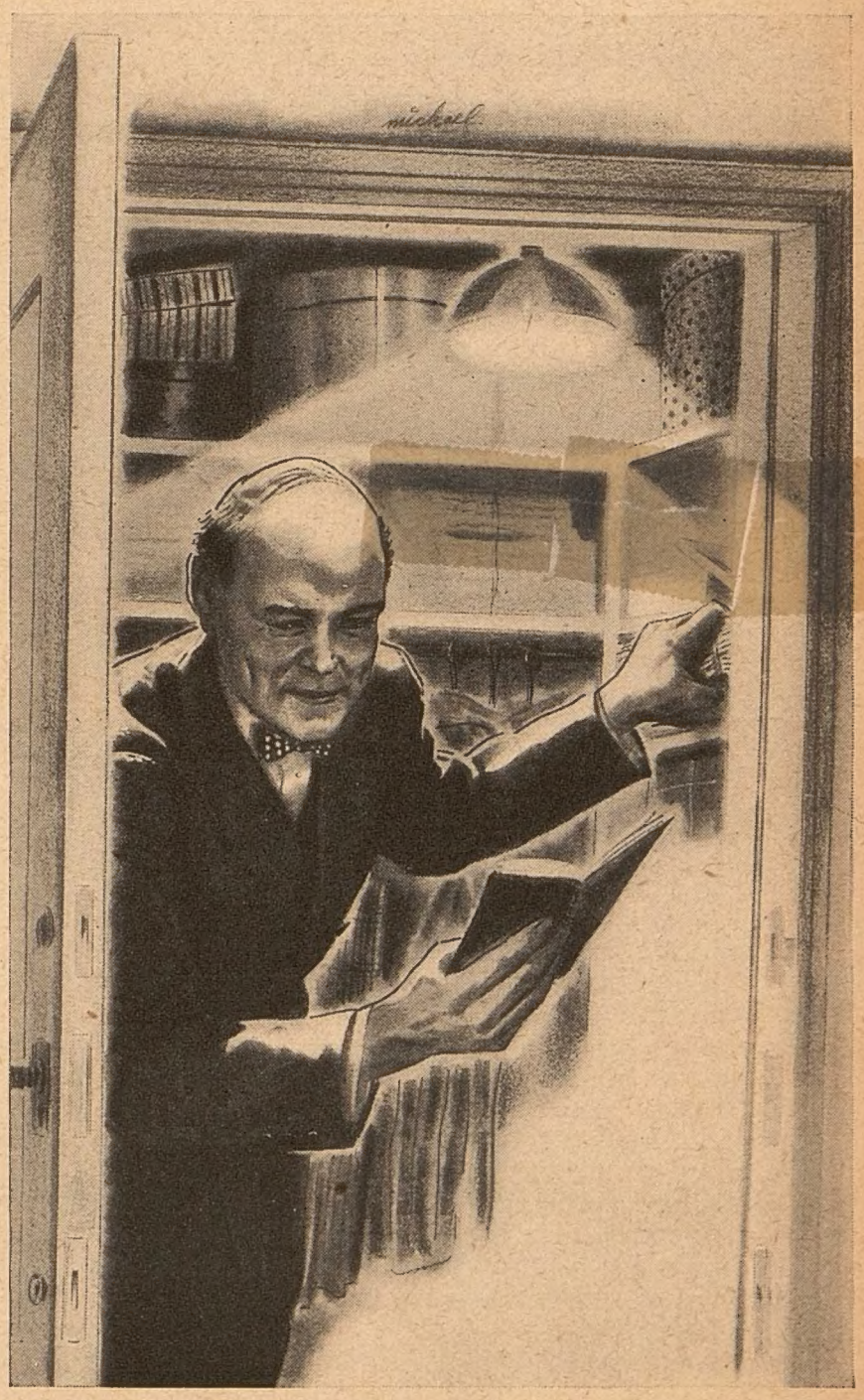
"There's another fellow, right here in Washington, that may think he got away with something. I did an investigation job for him while he was down in Palm Beach. Investigated a senator. He said he didn't like my work. Reneged; didn't pay me. I guess he thinks I've forgotten that. Well, I haven't. The day will come when I get that money he owes me—with interest."

"Who was this fellow?" I asked.

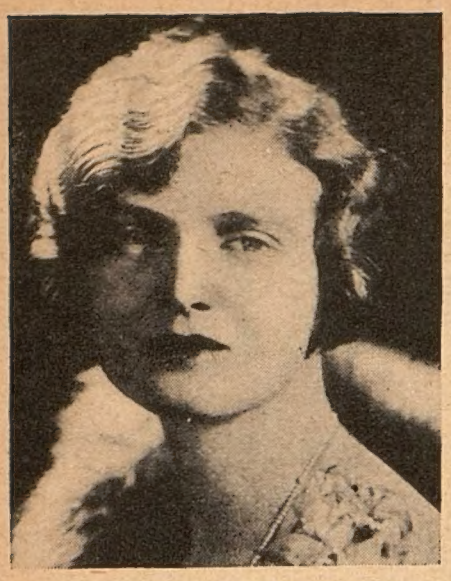
"Ned McLean," he answered.

Later I was to remember that promise by Gaston Means to get even. He kept his word. He did collect the money he felt Ned McLean owed him. He collected it from Evalyn Walsh McLean, Ned's wife, to the tune of $104,000.

The case of Nan Britton—truth or a lie; love story or libel? Here is Gaston Means' own astonishing story



"On a shelf were four notebooks—Nan Britton's diaries."



NAN BRITTON

In the years of my acquaintance with Gaston B. Means I heard many stories from his lips. Some were absolute truth; some were half-truth; some were unmitigated lies.

Of all the stories Gaston Means told in his disreputable life, none eclipses in importance or interest one that he told me in the early days, while he was living at the Commodore Hotel in Washington. That story was not a tale of brutality, of mysterious death.

It was one of two things:

Either it was one of the most malicious libels this country has ever known, or . . .

It was one of the most amazing romances of all times.

Legend, story, or libel, it concerned three persons.

One was a child—conceived, the story has it, in the Senate Office Building in Washington.

One was a graying married man—lovable, warmly human, with a face regal and handsome. He was Warren Gamaliel Harding, twenty-ninth President of the United States.

The third was a young girl, pretty, with a vivacious oval face, smiling mouth and eyes; intelligent and lovely. She was Nan Britton.

That Gaston Means was an intimate of men who had been President Harding's intimates in Washington cannot be denied. If any man might truly hold the key to the tale of romance and intrigue that excited a nation, Gaston Means was that man.

And so, one day, I asked him:

"What is the true version—the real version—of the Nan Britton case? Was she the President's mistress? Was he the father of her child?"

His face lit up with reminiscent glee.

"Well, you've come to the right place with your questions. I know all about that case. Investigated it for months. Know how my connection with it came about?"

I didn't; I shook my head.

He settled himself comfortably in his chair.

"I was with the Department of Justice at the time. A telephone call came through to me about ten o'clock one morning. It was in October. The caller identified himself as a private secretary of Ned McLean. He asked me to come at once to the lobby of the Shoreham Hotel; that he had an important letter for me. He said that he would know me.

"When I reached the lobby, a young man crossed to me. He spoke my name, handed me a letter, and walked away.

IN the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was engraved, THE WHITE HOUSE. In the lower left-hand corner was penned, 'very personal and confidential.' The handwriting was that of Mrs. Warren G. Harding.

"The note summoned me to the White House at once and thanked me for a previous assignment I had carried out for Mrs. Harding."

I interrupted:

"You had worked for Mrs. Harding before this?"

"Oh, yes." Means grinned. "Very confidential job, too. I got back a questionnaire she had sent to Madam Marcia, a prominent astrologist in Washington. Mrs. Harding had good reason to want it back. In it she had asked the most intimate questions about her home problems and a lot about problems of her husband's office. She relied on Madam Marcia absolutely."

I was taken aback.

"Do you mean to say," I demanded incredulously, "that Mrs. Harding was guided by an astrologist?"

Means' grin broadened.

"Sure. Madam Marcia advised Mrs. Harding, set the course. Mrs. Harding followed it; forced her husband to sail by it, too. The United States was being run as the stars decreed."

Means shrugged off this amazing situation.

"Anyway, that afternoon I walked from my office to the White House. A servant who admitted me took me through narrow corridors up to the second floor, to the door of Mrs. Harding's private rooms. Mrs. Harding herself answered my rap on the door.

"We sat down. She was very prim and stiff. We exchanged small talk. But I could see that she had more than small talk on her mind.

"She launched, for a reason that was not clear to me, upon the great love between herself and Warren Harding, going back to the very inception of their romance. She sang the praises of their marital life so extravagantly that I began to see now where she was heading. Something had gone wrong with this great romance.

NOR was I wrong. As she warmed up to her story her face became white, her excitement intense.

"'Mr. Means,' she said, 'I know men and I know their weaknesses. I want to save my husband and I want to save his career. He's become involved with a girl from his home town of Marion, Ohio. Her name is Nan Britton.'

"I said nothing. She kept her eyes away from mine.

"'When this girl was but a child in Marion,' she continued, 'she wore skirts above her knees, so short that they seemed indecent. Men, even then, would watch her. She developed an attachment for Warren; used to come into the Star office with verses—anything that furnished her with a pretext for speaking to him, being close to him.

"'Now—after all these years—this girl, Nan Britton, has a child. She claims that my husband is its father.'

"I kept my face blank. I'd heard these rumors from Jess Smith and some of the other boys in the gang. Now I was getting it straight from the President's wife.

"'I do not for one minute believe that the child is Warren's,' she said. 'You see, now, the work ahead of you. You must find out when this affair began. If there has been any correspondence between them, bring me the letters. Do you understand?'

"'I do. How old is this child?'

"'About two years old.'

"'Where is it?'

"'A Mrs. Scott Willets, sister of Nan Britton, is supposed to have adopted it. She is in Chicago.'

"'And Nan Britton?'

"'Finding her is part of your job.'

"'All this will cost money.'

"'I'll pay whatever it costs,' she snapped."

Gaston Means looked at me seriously.

"Mrs. Thacker," he said, "if I had known what I was to know later, I'd never have touched that job Mrs. Harding gave me. But I didn't know.

"I went to Chicago, registered at the La Salle Hotel. Finding the South Side apartment house where the Willetses lived was simple enough. I had a number of men with me. I put the place under surveillance. Within a week I had reports showing that Scott Willets was a musician who played in a downtown orchestra.

"Mrs. Willets likewise left the apartment each day to go to business. The child was not with them. Later I was to learn that Nan Britton had the baby with her on a farm. My job was clear enough—to get into that apartment.

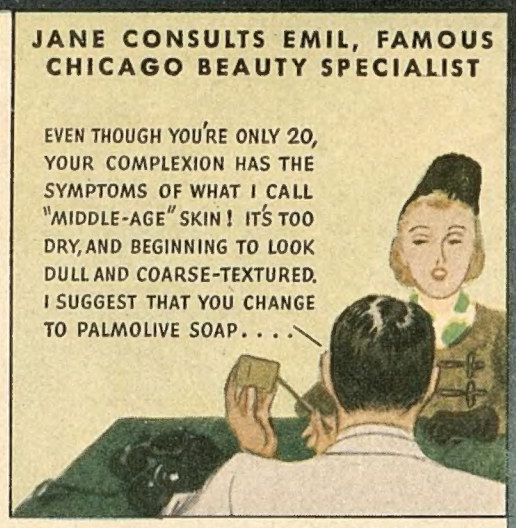
"I returned to Washington, contacted an operative I knew there. I gave him the address of the Willets' apartment.

MRS. WARREN G. HARDING

Sweethearts Again

SINCE JANE LEARNED THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN THREATENS EVEN A GIRL OF 20

EVERYTHING WAS SWELL BETWEEN TOM AND ME, UNTIL THAT HATEFUL BABS BROWN DAZZLED HIM WITH HER SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION
DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR COMPLEXION?


JANE CONSULTS EMIL, FAMOUS CHICAGO BEAUTY SPECIALIST
EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ONLY 20, YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK DULL AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP. . . .

WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emil Rohde

ORCHIDS FROM TOM, AGAIN!
YES! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW DIFFERENT HE'S BEEN SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT UGLY, DRY, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DOES *your* complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then *watch out,* famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance . . . ugly, heart-breaking "middle-age" skin!

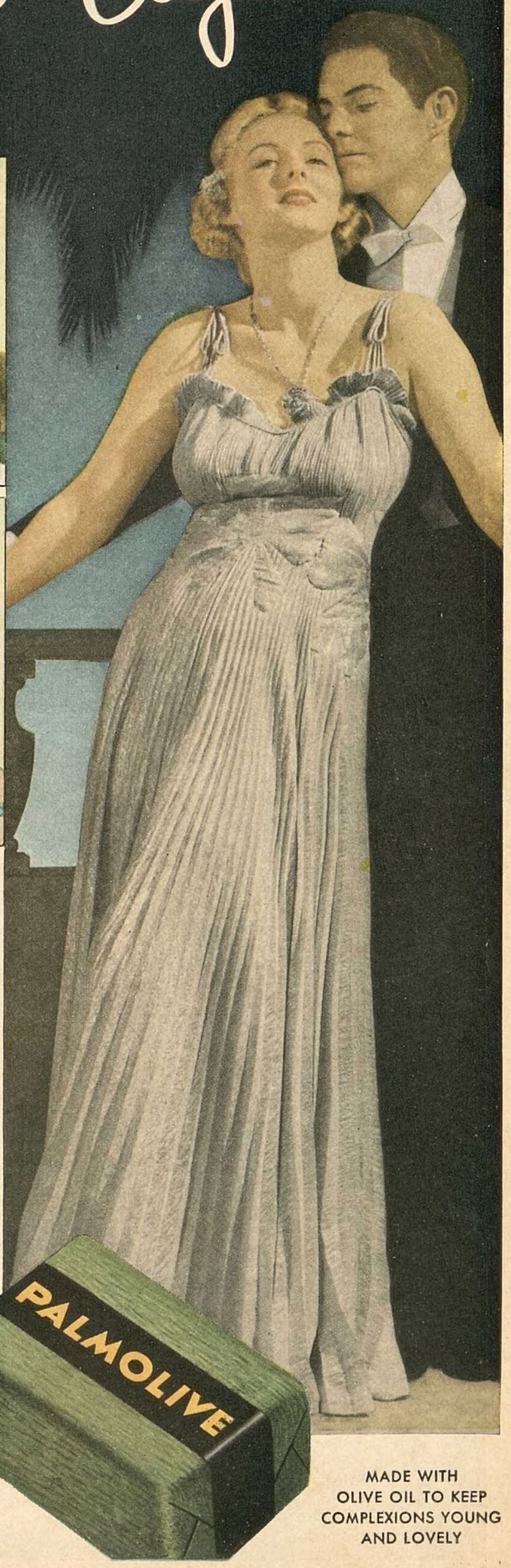
Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young!*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients . . . soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using safe, gentle Palmolive Soap—today?

FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!

Beautifully colored cut-outs of the Quins, with dresses, coats —63 in all. A lovely picture of the Quins on cover. . . . ideal for framing! Send 3 Palmolive Soap bands to Palmolive, Dept. M-148, Jersey City, N. J. (Offer expires July 15, 1937.)



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

SO MUCH MORE FLAVOR WHEN YOU SAY - PABST

You can taste the goodness of Pabst. It is nature's own beverage. Brimming over with fine flavor, wholesomeness and purity . . . you'll enjoy Pabst more. Ninety-three years of brewing experience comes to you sealed in every famous TapaCan or handy, new style Pabst bottle. When you are tense from the day's cares, Pabst brings you soothing relaxation. When you are playing, Pabst adds to your enjoyment. You get so much more in flavor and refreshment when you say Pabst.

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